

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 22, 1875.

The Week.

PROFESSOR MARSH has published the evidence on which his charges against Mr. Saville, the Indian agent at Red Cloud, rest. In the first place, he says that from what he saw of the agent on the spot, he knows him to be incompetent, weak, and vacillating, and unfit for the place; that he had defrauded the Indians by withholding from them provisions charged against the Government, as, for example, on November 8, 1874, when, according to his accounts, there were issued to 12,351 Indians 271,248 pounds of beef, but in reality there were none issued at all; that J. D. Bevier, Indian Inspector, on October 21, 1874, exposed and laid before the Interior Department a fraudulent contract of Saville with his father-in-law, A. R. Appleton; that the number of 12,351 Indians returned by Saville on November 8 was false, as he (Professor Marsh) found by personal examination; that according to an affidavit of one Louis Richard or Reshaw (whose character, he says, is vouched for by General Bradley), the issue of blankets on November 12, 1874, was fraudulent as to quantity and bad in quality; that the beef contract was in the hands of one Bosler, notorious for frauds in former contracts, and for this reason "excluded by the published regulations from any participation in future contracts." Besides this, he gives a certificate of General Bradley, Captain Mix, and Lieutenant Hay as to the "wretched" quality of the rations and the under size and puny condition of beef examined on the 11th of November, 1874, and a certificate of Captain Burt of the Ninth Infantry, dated June 12 of this year, to the following effect:

"I certify that I was present last fall at Red Cloud Agency when Professor O. C. Marsh was there; that we together went to the corral to see an issue of cattle to the Indians; that the cattle we saw at that time were Texas cattle in miserable condition, some of them so weak the Indians could not goad them out of a walk. The cattle were as a rule small in size."

This is only a small part of the evidence, which relates also to pork, flour, sugar, coffee, and tobacco. Professor Marsh addresses his pamphlet to the President, and declines laying it before the Interior Department alone—1st, because he has no confidence whatever in the sincerity of either Mr. Delano or Mr. Smith, they having "long been aware of the abuses," and made no real attempt to reform them; 2d, because he has been convinced in his interviews with these officials that their main object is to prevent publicity, and suppress the facts; 3d, because the evidence in his possession reflects unfavorably on both Secretary Delano and Commissioner Smith. This their best friends will not deny. Under these circumstances, following the practice usual in such cases at Washington, Messrs. Delano and Smith have proceeded to appoint a court to investigate themselves, and the latter has issued a copy of instructions for the court's guidance, the gist of which is that Mr. Marsh is a rather hasty philanthropist, whose charges are vague and indefinite, but, nevertheless, ought to be looked into. This commission is now organized, and Professor Marsh is going on with his work. He has undertaken a very thankless task, having against him the whole force of the Indian "machine," with all the money involved in the Indian contract system, and on his side only a strong sense of duty. A venal press, however, is to be counted on his side, and we very much fear that it will take a great deal of evidence to break the force of the statements made by Professor Marsh and backed by four officers of the army. We must beg to call the attention of several of our correspondents, who wrote to us some time ago remonstrating

against any attacks on Mr. Smith, to his present position. He may be a good and pious man, and Prof. Marsh may be mistaken in saying that he makes fraudulent contracts, keeps bad men in office, and tells lies; but his friends ought not to leave him alone now. Some of their certificates to his goodness would be of more value to him now than at any previous time in his life. In his letter to the investigating commission, Mr. Smith states a truth which, in these days, it is always important to bear in mind. He tells the commission that they "will undoubtedly meet with persons of strong partisan feelings enlisted both for and against the administration of the present agent"; and, "as they proceed," they "will become fully aware of the misrepresentations which such partisanship naturally produces," and also of "the extreme difficulty of discovering the truth amid the conflicting statements and allegations." This is a strong position, and looks as if Mr. Smith had learned advisers.

The Cotton-States Congress has managed to add itself to the tolerably long list of public and semi-public bodies who do not know exactly what they wish done with the currency. An inflation resolution was adopted by the Congress on Wednesday, but on Thursday was reconsidered and put over for another year. Besides this, the Congress adopted a resolution demanding national aid for Southern railroads, and another advising the formation of State agricultural bureaus. There is very little inflation news besides this, except that Senator Thurman has been explaining his position as a hard-money man in supporting the Ohio Democratic platform. This explanation is the old story: the inflation plank in Ohio is a "local" affair, and has nothing to do with national politics, and, therefore, as Mr. Thurman thinks that the contractionists can carry the National Convention, he does not care how Ohio goes on this question, and feels bound to support the ticket and consign the Radicals to eternal ruin. The Cincinnati *Commercial* thinks that so much disgust has been inspired by the performances of the Convention that the Republicans will carry the State.

The crops have come into prominent notice during the week, and there has been a large advance in the price of breadstuffs. It is known that there will be more than an average product of cereals in this country, and further that a large part of last year's product has been held back because of the low prices which have until recently prevailed. With this state of facts, there was but one thing which could cause a sustained advance, and that was an extraordinary foreign demand. This has already come, and its continuance is probable. In every part of Europe the weather for the past three weeks has been unfavorable to the degree of threatening disaster. It is known that positive disaster has befallen a large part of France, and that other parts of it have been visited with such heavy rains as to have beaten down beyond recovery the grain, which was in the latest stage of maturity. A large part of the wheat bought here in the past two weeks has been for French account and use. North Germany and England have also suffered from heavy rain. But the chief injury has fallen on the Black Sea provinces of Russia, which more than any section compete in the grain markets with the United States. Excessive heat and swarms of locusts have, according to the latest advices, nearly if not quite ruined the spring and winter wheat. Extreme heat has also injured the wheat crop of Southern Hungary. Of course, speculators have not been slow to take advantage of this condition of affairs, and prices in this country have undoubtedly been carried up higher and faster than they would have been had the market been left to respond only to natural influences. As might have been expected, Chicago speculators have run ahead of all others, and the rise in prices there has been from three to five cents a bushel

for wheat more than here. As to cotton—a much more important staple so far as the foreign trade is concerned—the reports continue very promising, and “authorities” do not hesitate to predict a crop of 4,500,000 bales. These predictions may and probably will be modified, but if the crop is no more than 4,000,000 bales it will be good enough, particularly so far as the South is concerned, for that section will probably raise this year more grain than it will consume—something which it has never done before.

The importance of good crops may be magnified, but the danger of late has been that it would be underrated, on the ground that because we have had fairly good crops since the panic, and there has not been that recovery in the business condition of the country which was expected, it therefore makes very little difference whether the crops are large or small. Everything which the earth produces, whether it grows or is dug out, is an addition to the wealth of the country; the bartering or exchanging of this wealth may be impeded, but sooner or later its possession and accruing advantages cannot fail to be felt. For a great part of the time since the panic, those who possessed goods or property have not known that those who wished to buy would or could pay, and this want of confidence, which has from time to time been increased by suspensions in unexpected quarters, has had more to do with the dulness which has prevailed than has generally been believed. Besides, the medium by which exchanges are made has been suspected, and will always be so until it is convertible at will into gold. This last drawback is, however, the only one which has not been diminishing in force each day since the culmination of the panic. All others bid fair to obstruct recovery less than in preceding seasons; so that there is good reason for expecting much improvement in the trade of the autumn on which we are now entering. The rise in grain has quickened freights, and the railroads report a larger business, although the trunk lines are not expected to show much gain until after the close of navigation. There has been a rise in railroad securities at the Stock Exchange, buyers having discriminated in favor of roads which will first feel the impetus of the new business. During the week there has been a further decline in gold, because of the extreme ease of the London money market, which is beginning to be felt here, through the increased demand for American securities. The unusually heavy exports of grain have also had their due effect. The specie export for the week was \$1,962,221, making the total for the year \$57,122,832. The syndicate are selling new fives in Europe more rapidly than ever before, and during the week Mr. Bristow has accordingly been able to call in \$10,000,000 more of the five-twenty six per cents.

The jury in the suit against Niles G. Parker, ex-Treasurer of South Carolina, have rendered a verdict for the State in the sum of \$75,000. This is just a third of the amount alleged to have been abstracted from the treasury by Parker, but, as the evidence was mainly circumstantial and very complicated, the jury thought it safest to go no further than they could see; and one witness, Ladd, a former clerk under Parker, having testified that the latter had shown him from his private safe \$150,000 of coupons (worth fifty cents on the dollar), and had consulted him about funding them secretly, they were able with a good conscience to agree that the State had been robbed of \$75,000. Parker was so confident of acquittal that he offered no evidence in his own defence. He probably relied a good deal on the composition of the jury, which consisted of seven blacks and five whites, described as being, with one or two exceptions, “as ignorant a set of men as could well be picked out,” and his conviction must certainly be regarded as accidental. He had procured the disappearance of the two most important witnesses that could be produced against him—namely, Ladd, and one Owens who had funded the stolen coupons as his agent. Ladd, however, was caught

and made to tell what he knew, and fortunately he was able to bring into court a letter of Parker's, dated June 2, 1874, in which the ex-Treasurer showed himself anxious to fund his coupons without exposing himself, and ended with the admonition—“You need not keep this letter, but destroy it.” Ladd also testified that Parker had admitted to him having received \$450,000 of coupons in the settlement with Kimpton, which had been divided as follows: Gov. Scott, \$50,000; Neagle, \$50,000; Kimpton and himself, \$150,000 each. The remaining \$50,000 had been “set aside” for Attorney-General Chamberlain. While nobody doubts that the \$450,000 came into Parker's hands, we have only his word that he had confederates in this particular act of plunder. The parties implicated have denied all knowledge of the coupon transaction, and it is much more likely that Parker put the whole amount to his own use and profit; at all events, he rejected his opportunity to prove the contrary, though, if he desires it, he may have another chance in the criminal proceedings which are impending. The nature of the fraud in which he has been detected cannot be explained briefly, but what he did was to keep uncanceled the paid conversion-bonds coupons returned to him by the New York agent, transfer them to his own pocket, and put in their place as vouchers coupons which had matured on bonds while still in possession of the State—for example, when hypothecated as collateral for loans to bolster up the credit of the State.

The attack made by Mr. O'Connor and Judge Davis on the Court of Appeals can hardly be treated with levity, for the charge made against the Court is substantially a charge of fraud. Mr. O'Connor says that the Court, in its opinion in Tweed's case, relied upon an argument of his own which they had before expressly overruled. We do not propose at the present time to go into the merits of the decision, but there are some facts bearing upon the reputation of the Court which it may be as well to recall. When, some few years ago, the old Court of Appeals was broken up and the new one formed, a strong movement developed itself to reform the judiciary by abandoning the elective system. The friends of the elective system carried the day, notwithstanding the frightful warning given by the examples of Barnard, Cardozo, and McCunn, and an examination of the vote showed that the rural parts of the State were really those which had prevented the change, the country population having apparently come to the conclusion that the system “worked well,” and that their own judges were good enough for all practical purposes. Now (we regret very much to say it, but the evidence on which the statement rests is public property, and accessible to everybody) there are some peculiar figures relating to the election of one or two of the judges of the present Court who were chosen in Tweed's time, which it is difficult to explain on any other theory than that they are fraudulent. But this is not all, for a very wily, shrewd, and cautious politician, who would hardly have ventured so far had he not good grounds for it, has declared in print the explanation of the figures to be, that one judge was actually “counted in” as the result of a combination between the Ring in the city and the Canal politicians.

The Chief-Justice, too, is a noted politician, who is generally “up” for some office or other, sometimes the governorship and sometimes the Presidency, and whose name of course becomes the foot-ball of any newspaper that wishes to kick it about. Three years ago he was covered with ridicule because of his alliance with the Greeley movement; and within six months he has appeared in the newspapers abusing one of the counsel engaged in these very Ring suits, and undertaking to explain that certain newspaper attacks on himself were inspired by this lawyer, whose motives the Chief-Justice also analyzed with minute care and opprobrious epithets. We do not at all impugn the honesty of the Chief-Justice; but the known facts of his position, and his strong consequent political appetite, cause him to be added to the list of suspected judges. What is the result? The Court

decides a series of rather complicated cases in favor of a man who was a few years ago the source of that political power to which some of the judges owe their seats. The chief counsel in the Ring cases publishes a manifesto, in which he says almost in so many words that the Court is corrupt, and reminds the judges that by impeachment even guilty courts may be got rid of. The publication of this letter—a letter such as few men in the world would have dared write—necessarily recalls to the mind of everybody such facts as to the history of the Court as those which we have given. These are not conclusive, but they are damaging. Reformers will admit that this is a lamentable result of that purification of the bench which took place eleven years ago. But there is nothing unnatural or surprising in it. It is what every one who saw the reform stop short with the destruction of Barnard, Cardozo, and McCunn, and fail in its attempts upon the system which produced them, must have foreseen would follow. The country statesmen who have kept the elective system alive will, we trust, not overlook the mire into which the Court of Appeals has got itself, and will, when in a communicative mood, let their city brethren know whether they on the whole think that the interests of justice and decency are advanced by the system which produces such results.

The question which has been agitating Massachusetts for some time with regard to the execution of the "boy-fiend" Pomeroy has had new light thrown upon it during the past week. The theory of the opponents of the execution has been that the boy was an exception to all rules, that his low intelligence prevented his having any knowledge of the atrocity of his own crimes, and therefore it would serve no good end to hang him. Therefore, let us save him, educate him, and make him a good and worthy citizen. Pomeroy has, however, now given abundant proof that his intelligence or cunning is not by any means of a low order, by publishing a long statement, in the Beecher-Tilton manner, going over the "case" from the beginning, and proving by various means that whoever did the mutilating and murdering, he had nothing to do with it. This statement is an artful and cleverly-constructed document, and shows that Pomeroy, of whose guilt there is not a shadow of doubt, would be rather a difficult subject to save and educate. There are a good many criminals in the world whom there is no particular object in saving, and the philanthropists who are trying to do away with capital punishment ought not to forget that the general sense of danger in the community, arising from the feeling that crimes go unpunished, leads in the long run to a determination on the part of the better classes of society to have blood for blood; and this in turn leads to much greater inhumanity and injustice than a well-regulated gallows.

The College races and the remarkable shooting at Wimbledon have given the past week rather an athletic than an intellectual character. It must be said, however, that a great part of the exultation over both events is due to moral causes. When we go back to the time of the contest between Heenan and Sayers, and think of the disgraceful scenes to which it led, and then consider the bad blood caused by the Oxford and Harvard race, the rifle-shooting becomes remarkable not merely as a proof of great skill, but as a proof of increased ability on the part of all branches of the Anglo-Saxon race to conduct sports fairly and decently. We may say the same of the Saratoga race, where for three days there were sports of all kinds between a great number of colleges, conducted, some of them, in a new and complicated way, yet conducted, as we have always boasted we conduct our sports, with the honest determination that the best man shall win. It has been for some years now, in this country at least, an open question whether athletic sports would be carried on and improved and perfected, or whether they would fall a prey to the general love of money and be "captured" by the horde of swindlers and "professionals" who live on them.

It seems pretty clear that some of the best of them will be saved from this fate.

What the exact nature of the new government of the Samoan Islands is, and whether we ought to "hail" an addition to the area of freedom, or mourn over another land upon which the blight of tyranny has fallen, we do not know. The powers of Mr. Steinberger have not been published, but inasmuch as they seem to have included the election of a chief-magistrate of some sort for four years—nothing is said as to the number of terms to which he is entitled—and the selection of himself as premier for life, they must have been extensive. Whence he derived them is unknown too; but the accounts of him that come from the Pacific coast, where he is said to have spent with a lavish hand "the income he derived through some undiscovered channel from the United States Treasury," are not altogether favorable. He had a Government sloop-of-war with him, we believe, and will no doubt soon set the Samoans progressing at a tremendous rate. As everything in connection with these islands is now interesting, we may recall the fact, which seems to have been overlooked, that they have a religious interest attaching to them, as was pointed out by Captain Wakeman in 1872, when urging upon the Government the necessity of a treaty. The native women, Captain Wakeman then declared, "stand out in all their beatific nudity and loveliness, the emblem of the great Master's handiwork in his happiest mood, a combination of beauty, grace, and innocence which no Christian can look upon without the deepest sentiments of love and admiration, both toward the Creator and the created." At that time, it was understood that a treaty had been negotiated between the Samoan chiefs and the United States by the manager of an Australian line of steamers, one of the clauses of which was: "We do acknowledge the absolute authority of the United States of America with regard to all matters whatever, and bind ourselves to adopt the common laws of America"—perhaps the most thoroughgoing proof of a sincere desire for reform ever given by a simple, savage race.

The foreign news of the week has been unimportant. The floods on the Garonne have been followed by serious but less disastrous overflows in Wales and England. In the shooting at Wimbledon, individual members of the American Team have fully maintained their prestige for marksmanship and have carried off several prizes. On the Continent, the chief political event is the passage of the Public Powers Bill by the French Assembly, the votes for it being 530. This occurred on Friday, and a vote looking to an adjournment this week till November was carried by a small majority. The debate which followed the annulling of the election of M. Bourgoing in the Department of the Nièvre was very heated. M. Rouher denied the Assembly's right to annul an election on mere documentary evidence, and endeavored in vain to persuade it to break the law and to order a new election. He maintained the right of the Bonapartists to cherish hopes of gaining possession of the Government, as the Legitimists and Orleanists were doing, and of defending the character of their late sovereign, as these factions had done after previous revolutions. This brought down upon him some passionate denunciations (in which Gambetta was conspicuous) as an abettor in the *coup d'état*; but he was firmly met by Ministers Buffet and Dufaure. Buffet said the Government would guard itself against the attacks of revolutionists and Bonapartists, and would keep a special eye on the former, as being, in its opinion, the more dangerous of the two. M. Dufaure said it would not take its eye off the Bonapartists either. Gambetta thereupon attempted to make some capital out of the difference of views between the two ministers, and ended by charging the administration with the support of the Bonapartists. M. Buffet affirmed the rightfulness of its policy in retaining in office loyal functionaries who had served under the Empire, and the debate closed with the Bonapartists in good humor, and Gambetta with an uncomfortable sense of having over-shot the mark, while the Government had lost neither strength nor dignity.

CLASS MORALS AND GOVERNMENT MORALS.

THE demand of the Southern Commercial Convention for Government railroads across the Appalachian Mountains shows that the Cotton States are experiencing somewhat the same difficulty in finding out what ails them that the Western States have been experiencing, and the remedy they propose for their troubles has somewhat the same origin. In criticising the Western desire for fresh issues of greenbacks and for the provision of transportation by the United States Treasury, we are apt to forget the great difference between the political traditions of the East and the West. In the original thirteen States these traditions run back to a period, not very remote, when the State furnished all the government there was, and when the General Government was not in existence. They recall, too, very vividly the fact that the General Government was a creation of the States, in a time of great difficulty and danger, and that they watched over its beginnings with much patience and self-restraint and anxiety. The habit of expecting help or encouragement from it has therefore never taken root on the Eastern seaboard. Even the war has not sufficed to create it. The Federal power has never had hitherto, and has not now, the air of a providence on which the people ought to rely for extrication from their difficulties. Mr. Boutwell tried hard at the last to seduce the commercial world into this way of looking at the Congress and the Administration by his mode of using the public funds, but he did not succeed. He stimulated speculation, and perhaps now and then saved a speculator from ruin, but he did not create a habit of mind. On the whole, and considering the temptations of the last fifteen years, the healthy condition of the Eastern mind is rather remarkable. Neither of the two great political delusions of our own day—the desirableness of inflating the currency and of having railroads built at the Government expense—has really taken much hold of the people in this part of the world.

The traditions of the Western States with regard to the General Government are of a very different character. As far back as the records of the oldest of them goes, the United States was not only in existence, but occupied towards them the position of a ruler and patron. It supplied the earliest protection of their people against the Indians, and the earliest police and administration of justice. It supplied the very territory out of which the State was made, and the earliest public improvements, and the earliest means of regular communication with the civilized world. It is not wonderful, then, if a strong belief in its capacity and resources, and in its paternal character, should have lingered in the political traditions of the new States, and should stay there in spite of the growth of State pride and of much preaching of State rights. Nothing is more natural, when one comes to analyze the matter, than that the Western farmer, who finds that he has settled too far from the market, should begin to cry, and ask the United States to scare away the naughty speculators, and make him a nice new road of his own, on which he could have his corn and hogs carried for as little as he pleased; or that, when he finds that he is short of money, he should call on Uncle Sam to print him some nice new greenbacks, which the wicked foreigners could not or would not take away from him.

One of the greatest benefits likely to be derived from the New York Canal Investigation—indeed, we think the greatest—will lie in the lesson it will afford of the danger of Government attempts in a country like this to play the part of a providence. There was, doubtless, a great deal to be said for the construction of the canals at the public expense at a period when the accumulations of private capital were unequal to a task of such magnitude; in fact, the result has shown that it was a piece of sound policy. But it has shown also that the attempt to administer them as a commercial enterprise through State machinery was a great political mistake. The corruption they have bred is now so deeply rooted, and has so thoroughly permeated our society, that we believe the gentlemen engaged in the enquiry on Governor Tilden's Commission are puzzled about a remedy. Some of the abuses have acquired so much strength, and have so blunted the moral sense of the population

along the banks of the canals, as to have acquired in their eyes the character of vested interests, of which it would now be unjust to deprive them. In countries in which there is a bureaucracy, with its own discipline, traditions, and standards of honor, like the civil service in Prussia, for instance, and like the regular army among us, it is often possible for the state to carry on great enterprises more honestly and economically than private individuals or corporations could do it; that is to say, by taking plenty of time and using peculiar means and appliances, and under favorable circumstances, you may sometimes create a body of men for the service of the state with morals rather above the average morals of the community at large. But we have no such body except the officers of the regular army, and we have almost made it a matter of policy not to create one. In fact, we have gone further. By offering a smaller quantity of the great social prizes—money and security—as a reward for exertion in the public service than the same kind and amount of labor would bring outside of it, we have lowered the standard of honesty and capacity in that service below that of the community at large, and have thus made it likely that Government work will be done worse than the work of corporations and individuals; that, for instance, Government canals or railroads will be worse administered than similar enterprises carried on by private citizens.

This fact alone, with which everybody is familiar, ought to render the clamor for Government transportation very ridiculous, particularly when it comes from persons who are disgusted with the inefficiency and dishonesty of the present administration of railroad property. There is no reason whatever for supposing that Government railroads or canals would be better than private ones; there are many reasons for supposing that they would be worse. And in judging the present much-abused railroad men, it ought to be remembered, but seldom is, that, as a general rule, not only the government of a country, but the conduct of its great industrial enterprises which are dependent on the general public for support, will represent with more or less accuracy the condition of the popular morals and manners. We pointed out some months ago, in commenting on the suggestion of Mr. C. F. Adams, jr., that the bad manners of railroad officials had doubtless much to do with the popular hostility to the railroads, that the manners of the railroad officers were those of the community in which they lived. They were uncivil in their demeanor because their neighbors and friends were so. In like manner, it may be said with perfect confidence that the morals of the railroad manager are about on a par with those of the Honest Farmer who denounces them so fiercely. If he speculates, jobs, deceives, lies, and repudiates, and considers his own interest more than that of the public, it is because the Farmer would do exactly the same thing in his place, and does do similar things in his own small sphere. It is very rare indeed for officials to stay dishonest under a thoroughly pure and healthy public opinion. No railroad managers could long run a corrupt line through an innocent, unselfish, and God-fearing people. Whenever we hear of the tricks and dodges of which the Farmer is a victim at the hands of the wicked directors and stockholders, we always feel sure that the Farmer himself is by no means above reproach, and that he, too, is probably doing as much in the same field as his more limited opportunities will allow. We doubt, for instance, if the whole history of railroading in this country contains anything more indefensible than the repudiation of public debts which the good Farmer has conceived and successfully carried out in various States. This Southern convention which calls for Government railroads actually recommends a swindle in the same breath, by calling on the Government to repudiate its solemn pledge to the public creditors that the customs duties should be collected in coin and the interest on the public debt paid in the same currency.

The fact is, it is useless and foolish to try to single out any one class of the community as deserving of special reprobation. "We are," as they say over in Brooklyn, "all members one of another." Every large class possesses about the average honesty. If Satan

were going about in search of railroad operators, the Farmer would be very injudicious indeed if he too did not keep out of sight. Whenever "waterers of stock" are called up for judgment, the knees of repudiators of State and county bonds, and those of dishonest agricultural legislators, will undoubtedly shake violently. One of the advantages or disadvantages of the general equality of conditions is that morality, like water, tends to find its level. Whatever stock of it we may have tends to diffuse itself equally over the whole social plane. Nobody can very long keep stored up a much larger supply than his friends and acquaintances, and the importance of remembering this with regard to Government officials cannot be overrated. The notion that the Departments at Washington have moral machinery at their command capable of producing purer and more edifying transportation than Vanderbilt and Scott, is a melancholy hallucination.

SPAIN AND FRANCE.

A COMMISSION is busy at work drawing up a new constitution for Spain, and it is said that as soon as it is ready the Cortes will be convened and another attempt made at regular government. As the situation of the country has in no respect improved since the accession of Alfonso, and as we see no reason for believing that the new constitution will last any longer than those which have preceded it, there is not much use in discussing its provisions. They will doubtless be adhered to as long as the executive at Madrid finds it convenient to do so, but no longer; and how long that will be it would be hard to say. There has been no material change in the military situation at the north. The Carlists have, on the whole, had the best of the late encounters, and they have, by some means, managed to become possessed of a little artillery, which they use with considerable effect, though they are now said, for the twentieth time, to be hard pressed. The war on neither side is carried on with any pretence of strategy. Neither Alfonsists nor Carlists appear to have a plan of operations. The collisions between the opposing forces seem to be either the result of accident or of pure love of fighting for its own sake. In fact, the conflict resembles the wars of the old Spaniards with the Moors rather than a modern military enterprise, with distinct aims, and a fair prospect of a near termination. The Carlists now and then suffer reverses, but they are never severe enough, and are never followed up closely enough, to dishearten or ruin them, and then they keep the field at much less cost and with much better morale than their opponents. The men are volunteers, who are fighting on their own soil, and who really believe in Don Carlos and in his cause as that of God, while the royal troops are conscripts from various parts of Spain, who take little or no interest in the struggle, and, like most Spaniards of the south, are a little doubtful about everything. So that, although the war may terminate at any moment, there is no apparent reason why it should not go on for five years.

The political combinations and contrivances at Madrid have no real connection with the movements of feeling or opinion through the country at large, and are therefore not worth examination, except as the devices of a parcel of schemers and adventurers who are very short of money, and would like in some way to make their future more sure and at the same time fill the treasury. In fact, it is very doubtful whether all Spanish constitutions are not now drawn up and adopted simply with the view of imposing on foreign money-lenders or raising the price of the national securities. The facility with which the imaginations of creditors may be favorably impressed is now well known to all the impecunious states, and there is a whole series of expedients to which they resort with the view of spreading the impression that they are going to turn over a new leaf. Sometimes they offer to "fund their coupons," which is considered tantamount to saying that the regrettable defaults which have hitherto taken place are now to cease; at others, they found a national bank which is to take charge of the Government accounts, which is considered tantamount to saying that "order will now be infused into

the finances"; at others, they put in a new minister, and give out that he is a very different man from his predecessor and will be guilty of none of the old tricks; and at others, again, they offer to pledge something as collateral the value of which depends wholly on their good faith, such as the customs duties. In Spain, the adoption of a new constitution has been found, on the whole, more effective than anything else for imposing on foreigners. If it provides a limited monarchy, with a house of peers, it fills the English bondholder with hope and admiration; if it sets up a republic, it leads the people in the United States to fancy that a better day has at last dawned on the Old World.

Nothing that has occurred in Spain thus far, however, does anything to lessen the probability that a final settlement of her troubles is still far off. The disease from which she is suffering is the same as that from which France is suffering, though in a much less aggravated form, viz., the absence of institutions; or, in other words, of political habits embodied in laws—for laws which are not the expression of political habits do not form institutions; a fact which the people who think states can be saved by new constitutions constantly forget. Habits, however, only grow under the influence of time and of a certain fixity of circumstances. If something exists in a country long enough for people to get used to it and fond of it, or begin to feel the need of it, it contributes to a greater or less extent to the establishment of a regular government, and contributes more than all the debates of all the conventions that ever met. All our own constitutions, Federal and State, owe their strength and durability, not to any originality or deep thinking on the part of the framers, but to the fact that they simply give legal shape to certain customs and ideas already rooted in the soil. There never would have been, for instance, and would not now be, any virtue or value in the habeas corpus, if a horror of detention without trial, or on an arbitrary warrant, had not from time out of memory had firm hold of the Anglo-Saxon mind. What has saved France from anarchy during her repeated revolutions, and, one may say, saved her from the fate of Spain, is that her administrative machinery survived the overthrow of the monarchy, and has become a social necessity. The people will not do without the gendarme, and the prefect, and a disciplined army, but, having these, they care little about the changes of régime in Paris; and the problem over which French politicians have been laboring for the last fifty years, is the establishment of some form of government that will last long enough for the people to become attached to it—that is to say, that will last long enough to become a national custom and to make its overthrow felt as a national calamity.

The Spanish problem is substantially the same, but France has certain advantages in trying to solve it of which Spain knows nothing. One is an army which respects itself, which has great traditions, and which would be mortified by protracted disorder or civil war on French soil, and which considers itself the guardian of the national honor, and eschews politics so far as to obey all orders emanating from the *de-facto* government; another is a well-disciplined civil service, which in like manner feels all impulses from the central source of authority, and does actually execute the laws, by levying the taxes, arresting criminals, and enforcing the conscription. Consequently, revolution in Paris does not involve social disorganization in the provinces. Spain has none of these things, and the political regeneration of the country is, therefore, a much more serious matter, and one with which the form of the Government has little to do. It is safe to say that any Government which could now be set up at Madrid, and which could make itself rigidly obeyed for twenty or thirty years, would be a good one, and this is the test we must apply when asking the question whether the Alfonsist monarchy is likely to succeed. What it calls itself, or what it promises, or what it puts into the constitution, is a comparatively unimportant matter, as our eloquent friend Señor Castelar now knows to his cost. If Alfonso is able to stay on the throne, and able to issue even ukases which every man from the Pyrenees to Gibraltar will obey, and will feel sure that every other man will have to obey, he will be as good

Government as Spain need desire; for a ukase which everybody heeds is, as a mere means of civilization, worth twenty volumes of parliamentary statutes which but few heed.

When we ask ourselves the question, however, whether he is likely to do this, we find ourselves almost as much puzzled as if called upon to predict the length of his life. He is still too young to be judged with any approach to accuracy, and the influences which determine the fate of any Spanish government are too varied to enable anybody to do more than guess as to the duration or character of his reign. There is no public opinion in Spain to be sounded, either in Madrid or in the provinces; and if there were, it would have little to say about the course of things in the capital as long as the army remains what it is. A revolution may any day be wrought by a single regiment, and a government may stay on the throne in spite of the grossest misconduct and corruption or incompetency. In other words, there are no competent judges of Spanish politics. Nobody knows Spain well enough to say what is likely to happen. All that the most competent observer can say is what the writers of travels in Spain and of reminiscences of Spanish life constantly do say—that the Spaniards have very good manners and many fine traits of character, that the women are often handsome, and that public affairs are in a very bad way. The rôle in Christendom played by the country at present is that of a solemn warning not only against priestcraft and absolutism, but against the separation between the customs of a country and its legislation. Law has force and government has solidity only in so far as they rest on the average man's sense of fitness, and on his confidence that legislation is but an exponent of the generally received ideas, and will be generally obeyed as such. If this had been believed without actual experiment, we should have been spared, during the last century, an enormous amount of human misery as well as of windy rhetoric and misdirected zeal.

THE UNIVERSITY RACE.

SARATOGA, July 15, 1875.

ON the evening of Tuesday there were not wanting men of experience in Saratoga who were quite confident the race would never come off. There were many reasons for this opinion. In the first place, there was the wind, which was certain to get up; and, in the second place, there were the "lanes," a system invented for this occasion, preposterous in itself, and sure to lead to accidents. *A priori*, the argument about the "lanes" seemed convincing. Imagine a course three miles long and a quarter of a mile wide studded with some three hundred little buoys, marked by flags of every color of the rainbow, and a good many colors that no rainbow could reveal, and some of which were very difficult to distinguish at a distance. Imagine, in the second place, thirteen boats placed on this course, a hundred feet apart, rowing at the top of their speed, and each one guided by a particular line of colored flags, to be singled out by the bow-oar from a dense mass of colors growing more and more confused and numerous with each eighth of a mile. How natural it would be for bow to get a diagonal line instead of a straight one, and find himself pulling into a "lane" not his own too late to stop. These arguments appeared to me convincing until I heard those on the other side, which were that the Freshmen crews had been over the ground that very day and found no trouble in keeping to their lanes. To this it might be replied, somewhat inconsequently, that as they were only Freshmen it did not make much difference what they had done. But the beauty of arguments about a race is that they are inexhaustible; and they are almost as good, too, after the race is over as before, inasmuch as if they are justified by the event they may be triumphantly repeated, and, if they are falsified, this is almost always found to be due to some exceptional circumstances which leave the principle untouched. That there would be no race—that there would be the finest race ever seen—that the "lane" system was a great American invention, and that it was a Saratoga swindle—that the Saratoga Rowing Association was another name for John Morrissey, and that John Morrissey has nothing whatever to do with the Saratoga Rowing Association—that Yale would be the best boat on the lake, and that Yale would be beaten all to pieces by Harvard—firmly persuaded of these things we, twenty-five thousand or so knowing fellows that we are, go to bed.

In the morning, the first thing to be done is to get a vehicle of some kind to be taken to the lake, four miles away; and to the credit of Morris-

sey or the Saratoga Rowing Association or the civic authorities, there was no sort of trouble about this. For \$3 it was perfectly easy to get a carriage holding three besides the driver, with a pair of very good horses, and I heard of nothing above \$12 being paid for any description of four-seated conveyance. Last year people were made to pay as much as \$40 for these four miles. Arrived at the lake, the first thing is to make an examination of the Press Stand, which is almost directly opposite the line of buoys that mark the end of the third mile.

In a race like that rowed yesterday (which, in some important particulars, was unlike any boat-race ever rowed in England or America) the finish is necessarily the great point of interest. On the old plan of a mile and a half out and a mile and a half back again, this was not so. There were three moments of exasperating interest—the start, the finish, and the turn. The grand stand was opposite both the start and the finish, while, the turning-stake being only a mile and a half away, there were apt to be soon after the turn pretty clear indications, except in a very close race, as to the leading boat. Under the system pursued at Saratoga, the grand stand being opposite the finish, the extremely interesting and pretty spectacle of the start is lost, and the turn at the middle of the course is left out. The raising of a flag conveys to the public the fact that the boats are off, and after that the only means of getting the position of the boats is by signalling. An ingenious contrivance to effect this was put up on the Press Stand. It consisted of two rows of numbers, one representing the measured distances, the half-mile, the mile, and so on, the other the numbers of the boats as they were placed in line in the start, Cornell's number, for instance, being 2, Harvard's 12, and so on. These numbers are each painted on one side of a white square, and at the beginning of the race these squares are down, *i. e.* show only their blank sides. Each one of them has, however, a string attached, by which a man stationed below can pull it up and make the other side show. This he is to do at each half-mile. Supposing that, when the boats have gone over half a mile of the course, the figure $\frac{1}{2}$ shows itself on a white square, and at the same time, on the other row, the figure 10, followed by the figures 12 and 2, appears, this would indicate that at the half-mile Yale was ahead, followed by Harvard and again by Cornell—an arrangement which, the day before the race, would have seemed to most of those at Saratoga eminently natural. If at the mile the squares (which had, of course, meanwhile been dropped) were pulled so as to show the figures 12, 10, 2, this would have indicated that Harvard had passed Yale and was now the leading boat. The course had been so completely buoyed at intervals of an eighth of a mile that there seemed no reason why we should not have in these squares a perfect transcript of the race as it was actually going on. But for some reason or other it did not work perfectly, and the spectator did not get more than a vague impression that Cornell was beating the race. At the finish I doubt if three men on the Press Stand could have told which was the second boat. This, to be sure, was in some measure due to the remarkable evenness of the race, the leading boats being separated only by very short intervals.

We pass half-an-hour in wandering up and down in front of our twenty-five thousand friends. It is already time for the boats to start, but there is a little ripple on the water which looks badly, and as the hour between eleven and twelve wears on, the temper of the crowd becomes despondent. At twelve we go back to the Press Stand. There is evidently some cause for delay at the other end of the course. The flag-man who is to signal the start is fumbling about the ropes very nervously. A gigantic, broad-shouldered, and very dangerous-looking man, who does not look much like a journalist, or a referee, or a judge, or, for that matter, like a professor of religion, is seated on a board at the edge of the lake, giving very hoarse advice to the man with the flag. An imitator of Boyton is paddling about in the water smoking a cigar, enclosed in an apparatus the thought of getting into which would, one would think, almost paralyze the instinct of self-preservation. The sun begins to grow very hot, and the crowd rather dissatisfied.

Suddenly, the nervous man with the flag becomes more nervous still, and begins to pull at it violently, one or two inexperienced representatives of the press begin to make unnecessary and probably unintelligible notes, the dangerous-looking man with the hoarse voice marks the time. A thrill runs through the crowd. They have started at exactly 11.55, and everybody knows that in about seventeen minutes they will be here. The boats of course are nowhere to be seen, and everybody's eyes are turned up to the white squares. It gives a curious sensation, quite unlike that of an old-fashioned start, to find yourselves looking up in the air at these mysterious signals, now so blank and unintelligent, but which seem to have in their own keeping the fate of the race. It is like watching the turn of a card or the revolution of a wheel in a game of chance. There are no boats,

there are no men, nothing but the wide expanse of water, the shining sunlight, and these pitiless squares, with twenty thousand people staring at them. The half-mile is passed, and No. 2 is ahead. If I placed much reliance on the signalling which took place after this, I could give you a very fine specimen of picturesque description, in which, by a little artful touch here and there, the numbers become metamorphosed into boats with living, breathing men—men with hearts, etc., etc.; but I forbear, chiefly because the signalling was now and then "wild," the numbers rather confusing and difficult to recollect, and the information given by them scanty. To know that Cornell is ahead of Harvard, for instance, is not worth much, unless you know how far ahead, and how the crews are pulling.

Suddenly, almost before you know it, the distant sunlight is alive with boats, a line of twelve, all abreast, growing larger and plainer every moment. While you are still guessing whether the signals are to be relied on, you become suddenly aware that the boats have actually entered the last eighth of a mile, and while you are trying to make out the color of the first, half of them are across the line, and a tremendous volume of sound is rising on every side to welcome the victors. The race is over. We know all about it. The time of Cornell given us by our faithful time-keeper is 16.46 $\frac{1}{4}$, the second boat is Harvard, and the third Yale. To be sure this is all wrong; for the judges made the time 16.53 $\frac{1}{4}$, and the second boat was Columbia, and the third Harvard. The race was, so far as the leading boats were concerned, so close as to make it almost impossible at first to get accurate information. Morrissey gave me the time as 16.46 $\frac{1}{4}$, which he thought was right, if he got the start right. The discrepancy between his time and the judges' may be accounted for by a mistake made by "George," who helped his chief with the time, but whom I had no opportunity of "interviewing." The time made in the race shows the steady improvement which each year makes in college rowing. One does not need to go back more than a few years to recall the day when anything under nineteen was considered good time, and when anything under eighteen was undreamt of. This, to be sure, was in the day of turning stakes; but, allowing the traditional thirty seconds for the turn, there is still a margin to be accounted for only by improvement in rowing and improvement in boats. The wind, of course, on such a lake as that of Saratoga may make a great difference, and what wind there was on Wednesday was directly behind the boats. Probably no such time could have been made with the wind ahead or on the beam.

The day before the race the crews of Harvard and Yale had an important consultation, and agreed to recommend their colleges to withdraw from the present organization and return to the old races between Harvard and Yale. These crews have no power except to advise, but their advice must carry great weight with both colleges, and there are some reasons which, not only to them but the public, may seem to make it desirable. There is no connection between the race of this year and the change: for the matter was determined on Tuesday, for the express purpose of avoiding any misconception. The two colleges, or rather these two crews, have come to the conclusion that owing to the great distance, the difficulty as to quarters, the danger of accidents—a wind, so long as it blows, utterly preventing any race—Saratoga is an objectionable place; besides which, the admission of a large number of crews swamps the older colleges. This is undoubtedly true. A course a quarter of a mile in width, with thirteen boats, is on so gigantic a scale that the interest, instead of increasing, is rather diminished. The mind is not fixed upon two boats, but wanders over the thirteen in an aimless way. The races that have taken place of late years have been rather surprises than a trial of skill between two pretty evenly matched antagonists whose boating history is well known to every one present. When Columbia beat last year, it was a surprise. Cornell's victory this year was a surprise, not so great to be sure as that of the "Aggies" two or three years ago, but something like it. Then it is impossible to see the race. The finish itself is rather a spectacle than a clearly understood finish. And if you have thirteen boats, why should you not have twenty-five, and the race of the future be a centrifugal race, the boats starting from the center of a circle having a radius of three miles and pulling to the circumference?

Then besides this, is Saratoga a proper place for the youth of the country to assemble *en masse* at? Action and reaction are always equal, and therefore it may be very natural that as European Governments have just decided upon closing their Homburgs, we should just be opening ours. But is it necessary that we should send all our children and younger brothers to our Homburg to get their first glimpse of life across a faro-table? Gambling at Saratoga is just as much a part of the life of the place as drinking the waters. Morrissey's establishment is called a "club," and a club it is, except that the membership is indeterminate, and the play lower as a general

thing than in some other clubs. Here in the evening come the male population of Saratoga (parties, I am told, are made up for the ladies in the morning) and stake their money on the red or white. A policeman guards the door: grey-bearded, venerable men, who are obviously deacons at other times, though here they act as croupiers, rake up the "chips"; there is a restaurant where you pay for what you buy; there are our young friends of seventeen and eighteen gambling away their little sums of money. The whole thing is as respectable as possible, and yet, is it a good place for a race? To this question the partisan of Saratoga would reply that it is. You cannot, he would say, break up betting at races, nor preliminary gambling, unless you break up races themselves, and the question is whether the necessary surroundings of a race shall be respectable or not. Formerly, at the old races between Harvard and Yale, there was a regular riot afterwards; on one well-known occasion a procession was formed in the town of Worcester, which went through the town breaking all the glass windows with billiard-cues. Was there anything like this at Saratoga? It must be confessed there was not. Never has there been seen a more orderly, quiet, well-behaved set of men than the collegians of this year. Not a single disgraceful thing has been done; not a single accusation of fraud has been made; not a claim of foul; no bad language, no rioting, no disorder. Not only this, but every one of the first six crews is contented, for they all made excellent time, and each one of them that did not beat is satisfied that its defeat, though of course primarily due to having come in after other boats had got over the line, was really ultimately caused by an unforeseen accident, never likely to occur again. Let us moralize at some other time, and admit that the first "lane" race in America was a wonderful success.

COMPULSORY EDUCATION IN ENGLAND.

LONDON, June 19, 1875.

SOME ten years ago a friend of mine, who was at that time employed as an assistant commissioner to some education commission, consulted me upon the question of compulsory education. We were uneducated at that time in the matter of interference by law with individual freedom. During the decade that has passed since then we have become accustomed to the newer dispensation, and we can listen with equanimity, if not with enthusiasm, to any scheme, however wild, in the direction of interference. Interference by means of an army of inspectors or some such agency is the radical panacea for most social or political disorders. My friend, however, was one of those brave men who lived before Agamemnon, and he was opposed to any proposal which would involve direct interference by law between parent and child. From what he had gathered in his enquiries throughout the rural districts, he considered that compulsory education was impracticable in England; that there was no real demand for it from any quarter except from the schoolmasters who wished to fill their schools, and from the political doctrinaires who wished to carry out their crochets; and that, even if it were honestly demanded, he did not see how any machinery for enforcing it could be devised. He was a man of intelligence and liberal sentiments, and he convinced me that the question was full of serious difficulties. I advised him, however, not to dogmatize in his report upon the subject, but to balance the arguments for and against compulsion, and to leave the decision of the question to the commissioners, his superiors. He followed my advice, and the commissioners adopted a similar respectful policy. They shirked the question, and left the decision to Parliament; and Parliament, when it passed the Education Act of 1869, shirked the question also, and threw the responsibility of deciding upon every parish and every borough in the country. By that Act, the most illogical of all principles—that, namely, of "Permissive Compulsion"—was established. School-boards were permitted to be set up in any parish or borough where they were required, and these school-boards, when they were set up, were permitted to pass by-laws under which compulsory education might be enforced. Thus two distinct processes were put in train, but as both of them were permissive, there has been no inconsiderable difficulty and some inconsistency in carrying them out to completion. Parish A may have been fortunate, or the reverse, in having one or two energetic Dissenters living within its precincts, who saw the means of inflicting an indirect blow upon the Church through its schools, and these gentlemen may have gone about and roused enough enthusiasm in the parish to secure a school-board; and this school-board may have been sufficiently enlightened, or the reverse, to pass a series of by-laws to enforce attendance at school within the jurisdiction of the school-board. Parish B, on the other hand, separated from Parish A by a hedge or a ditch, or possibly not separated by any tangible or visible boundary, may have been unencumbered by a single Dissenter. A series of vigorous vicars may have—to use the stereotyped language of the rural

Government as Spain need desire; for a ukase which everybody heeds is, as a mere means of civilization, worth twenty volumes of parliamentary statutes which but few heed.

When we ask ourselves the question, however, whether he is likely to do this, we find ourselves almost as much puzzled as if called upon to predict the length of his life. He is still too young to be judged with any approach to accuracy, and the influences which determine the fate of any Spanish government are too varied to enable anybody to do more than guess as to the duration or character of his reign. There is no public opinion in Spain to be sounded, either in Madrid or in the provinces; and if there were, it would have little to say about the course of things in the capital as long as the army remains what it is. A revolution may any day be wrought by a single regiment, and a government may stay on the throne in spite of the grossest misconduct and corruption or incompetency. In other words, there are no competent judges of Spanish politics. Nobody knows Spain well enough to say what is likely to happen. All that the most competent observer can say is what the writers of travels in Spain and of reminiscences of Spanish life constantly do say—that the Spaniards have very good manners and many fine traits of character, that the women are often handsome, and that public affairs are in a very bad way. The rôle in Christendom played by the country at present is that of a solemn warning not only against priestcraft and absolutism, but against the separation between the customs of a country and its legislation. Law has force and government has solidity only in so far as they rest on the average man's sense of fitness, and on his confidence that legislation is but an exponent of the generally received ideas, and will be generally obeyed as such. If this had been believed without actual experiment, we should have been spared, during the last century, an enormous amount of human misery as well as of windy rhetoric and misdirected zeal.

THE UNIVERSITY RACE.

SARATOGA, July 15, 1875.

ON the evening of Tuesday there were not wanting men of experience in Saratoga who were quite confident the race would never come off. There were many reasons for this opinion. In the first place, there was the wind, which was certain to get up; and, in the second place, there were the "lanes," a system invented for this occasion, preposterous in itself, and sure to lead to accidents. *A priori*, the argument about the "lanes" seemed convincing. Imagine a course three miles long and a quarter of a mile wide studded with some three hundred little buoys, marked by flags of every color of the rainbow, and a good many colors that no rainbow could reveal, and some of which were very difficult to distinguish at a distance. Imagine, in the second place, thirteen boats placed on this course, a hundred feet apart, rowing at the top of their speed, and each one guided by a particular line of colored flags, to be singled out by the bow-oar from a dense mass of colors growing more and more confused and numerous with each eighth of a mile. How natural it would be for bow to get a diagonal line instead of a straight one, and find himself pulling into a "lane" not his own too late to stop. These arguments appeared to me convincing until I heard those on the other side, which were that the Freshmen crews had been over the ground that very day and found no trouble in keeping to their lanes. To this it might be replied, somewhat inconsequently, that as they were only Freshmen it did not make much difference what they had done. But the beauty of arguments about a race is that they are inexhaustible; and they are almost as good, too, after the race is over as before, inasmuch as if they are justified by the event they may be triumphantly repeated, and, if they are falsified, this is almost always found to be due to some exceptional circumstances which leave the principle untouched. That there would be no race—that there would be the finest race ever seen—that the "lane" system was a great American invention, and that it was a Saratoga swindle—that the Saratoga Rowing Association was another name for John Morrissey, and that John Morrissey has nothing whatever to do with the Saratoga Rowing Association—that Yale would be the best boat on the lake, and that Yale would be beaten all to pieces by Harvard—firmly persuaded of these things we, twenty-five thousand or so knowing fellows that we are, go to bed.

In the morning, the first thing to be done is to get a vehicle of some kind to be taken to the lake, four miles away; and to the credit of Morris-

sey or the Saratoga Rowing Association or the civic authorities, there was no sort of trouble about this. For \$3 it was perfectly easy to get a carriage holding three besides the driver, with a pair of very good horses, and I heard of nothing above \$12 being paid for any description of four-seated conveyance. Last year people were made to pay as much as \$40 for these four miles. Arrived at the lake, the first thing is to make an examination of the Press Stand, which is almost directly opposite the line of buoys that mark the end of the third mile.

In a race like that rowed yesterday (which, in some important particulars, was unlike any boat-race ever rowed in England or America) the finish is necessarily the great point of interest. On the old plan of a mile and a half out and a mile and a half back again, this was not so. There were three moments of excruciating interest—the start, the finish, and the turn. The grand stand was opposite both the start and the finish, while, the turning-stake being only a mile and a half away, there were apt to be soon after the turn pretty clear indications, except in a very close race, as to the leading boat. Under the system pursued at Saratoga, the grand stand being opposite the finish, the extremely interesting and pretty spectacle of the start is lost, and the turn at the middle of the course is left out. The raising of a flag conveys to the public the fact that the boats are off, and after that the only means of getting the position of the boats is by signalling. An ingenious contrivance to effect this was put up on the Press Stand. It consisted of two rows of numbers, one representing the measured distances, the half-mile, the mile, and so on, the other the numbers of the boats as they were placed in line in the start, Cornell's number, for instance, being 2, Harvard's 12, and so on. These numbers are each painted on one side of a white square, and at the beginning of the race these squares are down, *i. e.*, show only their blank sides. Each one of them has, however, a string attached, by which a man stationed below can pull it up and make the other side show. This he is to do at each half-mile. Supposing that, when the boats have gone over half a mile of the course, the figure $\frac{1}{2}$ shows itself on a white square, and at the same time, on the other row, the figure 10, followed by the figures 12 and 2, appears, this would indicate that at the half-mile Yale was ahead, followed by Harvard and again by Cornell—an arrangement which, the day before the race, would have seemed to most of those at Saratoga eminently natural. If at the mile the squares (which had, of course, meanwhile been dropped) were pulled so as to show the figures 12, 10, 2, this would have indicated that Harvard had passed Yale and was now the leading boat. The course had been so completely buoyed at intervals of an eighth of a mile that there seemed no reason why we should not have in these squares a perfect transcript of the race as it was actually going on. But for some reason or other it did not work perfectly, and the spectator did not get more than a vague impression that Cornell was beating the race. At the finish I doubt if three men on the Press Stand could have told which was the second boat. This, to be sure, was in some measure due to the remarkable evenness of the race, the leading boats being separated only by very short intervals.

We pass half-an-hour in wandering up and down in front of our twenty-five thousand friends. It is already time for the boats to start, but there is a little ripple on the water which looks badly, and as the hour between eleven and twelve wears on, the temper of the crowd becomes despondent. At twelve we go back to the Press Stand. There is evidently some cause for delay at the other end of the course. The flag-man who is to signal the start is fumbling about the ropes very nervously. A gigantic, broad-shouldered, and very dangerous-looking man, who does not look much like a journalist, or a referee, or a judge, or, for that matter, like a professor of religion, is seated on a board at the edge of the lake, giving very hoarse advice to the man with the flag. An imitator of Boyton is paddling about in the water smoking a cigar, enclosed in an apparatus the thought of getting into which would, one would think, almost paralyze the instinct of self-preservation. The sun begins to grow very hot, and the crowd rather dissatisfied.

Suddenly, the nervous man with the flag becomes more nervous still, and begins to pull at it violently, one or two inexperienced representatives of the press begin to make unnecessary and probably unintelligible notes, the dangerous-looking man with the hoarse voice marks the time. A thrill runs through the crowd. They have started at exactly 11.55, and everybody knows that in about seventeen minutes they will be here. The boats of course are nowhere to be seen, and everybody's eyes are turned up to the white squares. It gives a curious sensation, quite unlike that of an old-fashioned start, to find yourselves looking up in the air at these mysterious signals, now so blank and unintelligent, but which seem to have in their own keeping the fate of the race. It is like watching the turn of a card or the revolution of a wheel in a game of chance. There are no boats,

there are no men, nothing but the wide expanse of water, the shining sunlight, and these pitiless squares, with twenty thousand people staring at them. The half-mile is passed, and No. 2 is ahead. If I placed much reliance on the signalling which took place after this, I could give you a very fine specimen of picturesque description, in which, by a little artful touch here and there, the numbers become metamorphosed into boats with living, breathing men—men with hearts, etc., etc.; but I forbear, chiefly because the signalling was now and then "wild," the numbers rather confusing and difficult to recollect, and the information given by them scanty. To know that Cornell is ahead of Harvard, for instance, is not worth much, unless you know how far ahead, and how the crews are pulling.

Suddenly, almost before you know it, the distant sunlight is alive with boats, a line of twelve, all abreast, growing larger and plainer every moment. While you are still guessing whether the signals are to be relied on, you become suddenly aware that the boats have actually entered the last eighth of a mile, and while you are trying to make out the color of the first, half of them are across the line, and a tremendous volume of sound is rising on every side to welcome the victors. The race is over. We know all about it. The time of Cornell given us by our faithful time-keeper is 16.46 $\frac{3}{4}$, the second boat is Harvard, and the third Yale. To be sure this is all wrong; for the judges made the time 16.53 $\frac{1}{4}$, and the second boat was Columbia, and the third Harvard. The race was, so far as the leading boats were concerned, so close as to make it almost impossible at first to get accurate information. Morrissey gave me the time as 16.46 $\frac{3}{4}$, which he thought was right, if he got the start right. The discrepancy between his time and the judges' may be accounted for by a mistake made by "George," who helped his chief with the time, but whom I had no opportunity of "interviewing." The time made in the race shows the steady improvement which each year makes in college rowing. One does not need to go back more than a few years to recall the day when anything under nineteen was considered good time, and when anything under eighteen was undreamt of. This, to be sure, was in the day of turning stakes; but, allowing the traditional thirty seconds for the turn, there is still a margin to be accounted for only by improvement in rowing and improvement in boats. The wind, of course, on such a lake as that of Saratoga may make a great difference, and what wind there was on Wednesday was directly behind the boats. Probably no such time could have been made with the wind ahead or on the beam.

The day before the race the crews of Harvard and Yale had an important consultation, and agreed to recommend their colleges to withdraw from the present organization and return to the old races between Harvard and Yale. These crews have no power except to advise, but their advice must carry great weight with both colleges, and there are some reasons which, not only to them but the public, may seem to make it desirable. There is no connection between the race of this year and the change: for the matter was determined on Tuesday, for the express purpose of avoiding any misconception. The two colleges, or rather these two crews, have come to the conclusion that owing to the great distance, the difficulty as to quarters, the danger of accidents—a wind, so long as it blows, utterly preventing any race—Saratoga is an objectionable place; besides which, the admission of a large number of crews swamps the older colleges. This is undoubtedly true. A course a quarter of a mile in width, with thirteen boats, is on so gigantic a scale that the interest, instead of increasing, is rather diminished. The mind is not fixed upon two boats, but wanders over the thirteen in an aimless way. The races that have taken place of late years have been rather surprises than a trial of skill between two pretty evenly matched antagonists whose boating history is well known to every one present. When Columbia beat last year, it was a surprise. Cornell's victory this year was a surprise, not so great to be sure as that of the "Aggies" two or three years ago, but something like it. Then it is impossible to see the race. The finish itself is rather a spectacle than a clearly understood finish. And if you have thirteen boats, why should you not have twenty-five, and the race of the future be a centrifugal race, the boats starting from the center of a circle having a radius of three miles and pulling to the circumference?

Then besides this, is Saratoga a proper place for the youth of the country to assemble *en masse* at? Action and reaction are always equal, and therefore it may be very natural that as European Governments have just decided upon closing their Homburgs, we should just be opening ours. But is it necessary that we should send all our children and younger brothers to our Homburg to get their first glimpse of life across a faro-table? Gambling at Saratoga is just as much a part of the life of the place as drinking the waters. Morrissey's establishment is called a "club," and a club it is, except that the membership is indeterminate, and the play lower as a general

thing than in some other clubs. Here in the evening come the male population of Saratoga (parties, I am told, are made up for the ladies in the morning) and stake their money on the red or white. A policeman guards the door; grey-bearded, venerable men, who are obviously deacons at other times, though here they act as croupiers, rake up the "chips"; there is a restaurant where you pay for what you buy; there are our young friends of seventeen and eighteen gambling away their little sums of money. The whole thing is as respectable as possible, and yet, is it a good place for a race? To this question the partisan of Saratoga would reply that it is. You cannot, he would say, break up betting at races, nor preliminary gambling, unless you break up races themselves, and the question is whether the necessary surroundings of a race shall be respectable or not. Formerly, at the old races between Harvard and Yale, there was a regular riot afterwards; on one well-known occasion a procession was formed in the town of Worcester, which went through the town breaking all the glass windows with billiard-cues. Was there anything like this at Saratoga? It must be confessed there was not. Never has there been seen a more orderly, quiet, well-behaved set of men than the collegians of this year. Not a single disgraceful thing has been done; not a single accusation of fraud has been made; not a claim of foul; no bad language, no rioting, no disorder. Not only this, but every one of the first six crews is contented, for they all made excellent time, and each one of them that did not beat is satisfied that its defeat, though of course primarily due to having come in after other boats had got over the line, was really ultimately caused by an unforeseen accident, never likely to occur again. Let us moralize at some other time, and admit that the first "lane" race in America was a wonderful success.

COMPULSORY EDUCATION IN ENGLAND.

LONDON, June 19, 1875.

SOME ten years ago a friend of mine, who was at that time employed as an assistant commissioner to some education commission, consulted me upon the question of compulsory education. We were uneducated at that time in the matter of interference by law with individual freedom. During the decade that has passed since then we have become accustomed to the newer dispensation, and we can listen with equanimity, if not with enthusiasm, to any scheme, however wild, in the direction of interference. Interference by means of an army of inspectors or some such agency is the radical panacea for most social or political disorders. My friend, however, was one of those brave men who lived before Agamemnon, and he was opposed to any proposal which would involve direct interference by law between parent and child. From what he had gathered in his enquiries throughout the rural districts, he considered that compulsory education was impracticable in England; that there was no real demand for it from any quarter except from the schoolmasters who wished to fill their schools, and from the political doctrinaires who wished to carry out their errotchets; and that, even if it were honestly demanded, he did not see how any machinery for enforcing it could be devised. He was a man of intelligence and liberal sentiments, and he convinced me that the question was full of serious difficulties. I advised him, however, not to dogmatize in his report upon the subject, but to balance the arguments for and against compulsion, and to leave the decision of the question to the commissioners, his superiors. He followed my advice, and the commissioners adopted a similar respectful policy. They shirked the question, and left the decision to Parliament; and Parliament, when it passed the Education Act of 1869, shirked the question also, and threw the responsibility of deciding upon every parish and every borough in the country. By that Act, the most illogical of all principles—that, namely, of "Permissive Compulsion"—was established. School-boards were permitted to be set up in any parish or borough where they were required, and these school-boards, when they were set up, were permitted to pass by-laws under which compulsory education might be enforced. Thus two distinct processes were put in train, but as both of them were permissive, there has been no inconsiderable difficulty and some inconsistency in carrying them out to completion. Parish A may have been fortunate, or the reverse, in having one or two energetic Dissenters living within its precincts, who saw the means of inflicting an indirect blow upon the Church through its schools, and these gentlemen may have gone about and roused enough enthusiasm in the parish to secure a school-board; and this school-board may have been sufficiently enlightened, or the reverse, to pass a series of by-laws to enforce attendance at school within the jurisdiction of the school-board. Parish B, on the other hand, separated from Parish A by a hedge or a ditch, or possibly not separated by any tangible or visible boundary, may have been unencumbered by a single Dissenter. A series of vigorous vicars may have—to use the stereotyped language of the rural

clergy of the Church of England when speaking of their brother Christians who do not conform—"broken the neck of Dissent" and "stamped the Nonconformists out." Parish B, therefore, has no school-board, and, having no school-board, and perhaps no school, it has no by-laws to enforce attendance at school. You have, therefore, this anomalous state of things in rural England: on one side of a hedge you have a district in which every child must go to school on the penalty to his parents of a fine or imprisonment; on the other side of the hedge no child in the district is required to enter a school-door. And, so far as the law is concerned, every child living in that district may be employed from one year's end to the other earning money for his parents in the adjoining parish on the other side of the hedge where children of his own age are prohibited from earning a penny until they can read, write, and count. I do not say whether the parishioners of A or those of B are likely to turn out the most useful members of society in the long run. That is not the question. Hodge, the agricultural laborer, living on twelve or fifteen shillings a week, is not a being who looks to the long run. He wants food for himself and his wife and the younger children, and he does not see the justice of being compelled to withdraw his elder children from field-work in order to send them to school, while Prodgers, in the adjoining parish, being free to do what he likes with his own, sends the young Prodgers to do the work and earn the money that the young Hodge is compelled to give up.

The extent to which this anomalous state of matters prevails can be seen only by referring to statistics. There are in England and Wales 225 municipal boroughs, and school-boards have been set up in 114, or about 50 per cent., of these boroughs. There are also 14,082 civil parishes, and school-boards have been set up in 1,479, or about 10 per cent., of these civil parishes. In 85 per cent. of the boroughs in which school-boards have been set up, by-laws enforcing attendance at school have been passed, and in 21 per cent. only of the civil parishes which have established school-boards have by-laws been passed. It thus appears that one parish in every ten has emancipated itself from Church schools, but only one in five of those so emancipated has thought it worth while to pass compulsory laws.

From these figures, it would appear that my educational friend was not far wrong when he made up his mind that the principle of compulsory attendance at school did not meet with much acceptance in the rural districts. But, on the other hand, it must be borne in mind that the rural districts in England are still under the thralldom of the clergy of the Established Church, and that any attempt to enforce the provisions of the Education Act so as to interfere with the clerical supremacy over the schools frequented by the humbler classes, has been determinedly opposed. It must also be kept in view that parishes and boroughs are, after all, but arbitrary units of population, taken in deference to ancient traditions and associations and for convenience. If the *population* under school-boards and under by-laws be massed irrespective of the division into parishes and boroughs, the statistics are more favorable to compulsion. The total population of England and Wales is nearly twenty-three millions, and of this no less than eleven millions, or fifty per cent., are under school-boards, and nearly nine millions are under by-laws. So that, considering the short time that the Education Act has been in operation, the promoters of it may feel fairly satisfied in having already persuaded nearly one-half of the population of the country to accept the illogical principles on which the compulsory provisions are based.

But the anomalies pointed at in the earlier part of this letter as existing in the rural districts, are too glaring not to attract attention. They can be remedied in only one of two ways; compulsory attendance at school must either be made universal or it must be given up. Mr. Dixon, the Radical member for Birmingham, and Chairman of the Birmingham Education League, has introduced a bill for the purpose of making it universal, and the bill was discussed and thrown out last week. His proposal was logical, but it was handicapped heavily by the only means which he suggests for applying the system universally, viz., the compulsory extension of school-boards. Just at present local rates are regarded by farmers—and by land-owners, too, for that matter—as the invention of the evil one. They see their burdens increasing year by year from this agency, and they do not see how to escape from them. Local rates have twined themselves round the unhappy occupier, and he cannot shake himself free of them. A wail comes up periodically from every corner of England, uttered by the rate-ridden occupier in the very anguish of despair. Any sort of local board suggests to his mind new rates and new burdens; and a school-board more than any other kind of local board is an abhorrence to him. A school-board takes money out of one of his pockets by saddling him with a school-rate to keep up the schools, and it takes money out of the other pocket by depriving him of child-labor and compelling him to employ a

man to do what a child used to do before these educational notions came into vogue. So long, therefore, as the British farmer or the British squire is in his present mood, there is no chance of universal compulsion being carried out by means of universal school-boards. It is no use pointing to Scotland, where school-boards and compulsion are both universal, and where the system is said to work smoothly and cheaply both in town and country. The English farmer knows little of Scotland, and what he does know he does not like. If Mr. Dixon cannot suggest any other means of extending compulsory education, he may as well leave it alone. With the clergy and the farmers banded together against him, and the Tories in power, he has no more chance of passing his bill than Sir Wilfrid Lawson has of passing his Permissive Bill or Dr. Kenealy of getting the fat convict of Wapping out of prison. Neither is there any chance of the doctrinaires giving up their hold upon the fragment of compulsion that they have secured in the rural districts, and the real, substantial slice of it they have secured in the boroughs. We must go on submitting to these anomalies as we do to many others in our queer, disjointed, and illogical social institutions. Hodge must go on seeing the bread taken out of his mouth by Prodgers's children, while his boys and girls are getting their heads stuffed with reading, writing, and arithmetic. Poor Hodge does not see anything but hardship in it. But he has submitted to hardship all his life, and this is only the old thing in a new shape. Let us hope that he may live to see his sons earning their £150 or £200 a year in a bank in the county town, and his daughters settled, as certificated teachers or telegraph clerks, on an annual income greater than the aggregate amount which their father earned in half-a-dozen years; and possibly at the same time the young Prodgers will be as the old Prodgers, earning wages at 12s. or 15s. a week in field labor, and crying out against the tyranny of compulsory education.

NEW UNIVERSITIES IN FRANCE.

PARIS, July 2, 1875.

PUBLIC instruction is divided into three parts in France, viz., primary, secondary, and the higher. The primary education is given in municipal schools, the secondary education in municipal or state colleges, and the higher instruction in the various faculties of the university. There is only one great University—a state university—though the faculties exist in more than one place. The Minister of Public Instruction is officially termed the Grand Master of the University. This organization bears the marks of the great centralization achieved by the French Revolution and by the Emperor Napoleon. The Revolution took the work of education from the hands of the Catholic clergy, and the university in all its branches preserved a completely lay character. It was not till long after the Revolution that the clergy claimed the right to open colleges; the struggle was conducted with more vigor than success by Lacordaire, by Montalembert, and others, under the reign of Louis Philippe; they called themselves the champions of the liberty of teaching; they were condemned before a court of justice for having opened a school without the authorization of the Grand Master of the University. It was a striking spectacle to see a peer of France and a Dominican monk defend themselves in the name of liberty against an administration which called itself liberal. The movement in favor of free teaching was hardly perceptible at first, but under the currents of politics ran the invisible currents of the religious life. The Revolution of 1848 did more than anything for the cause which Montalembert had vainly defended; all the conservative instincts of the country became alarmed, and Napoleon III. easily obtained the influence of the Catholic clergy when he promised M. de Falloux that he would leave the field of education open for all. During the Second Empire, the University and the Catholic clergy divided between themselves the work of secondary education; a number of colleges were opened by priests. The Jesuits have now in Paris, in the rue des Postes, an enormous establishment, specially devoted to the candidates for the two great military schools, the Polytechnic and St. Cyr. They have very able teachers, and they now send every year a number of young men, educated under their influence, into the ranks of the army. Bishop Dupanloup has a very large college near Orléans; I could cite many others.

Secondary education had practically become free; but what we call the higher instruction still remained a monopoly of the University. It was so in a double sense; there are no other faculties of law, of medicine, of science, of letters than those which are directly controlled by the University, and these faculties alone can confer the degrees which are necessary in France for the exercise of all the so-called liberal professions. The National Assembly has just framed a law which allows the establishment of new universities, with faculties of law, of medicine, or letters and sciences. The Bishop of Orléans was the principal orator who advocated the rights of the

church to dispense the higher instruction; but the law was not distinctly made for the benefit of the church; and, though the teaching of the State University may be considered on the whole as very liberal, it is supposed that the Positivists, the scientific philosophers, will try to establish a university of their own in Paris. The Catholics intend to make at first a great university at Angers, on the plan of the Catholic university of Louvain in Belgium. One cannot help being struck with the increasing resemblance between French and Belgian affairs; the Belgians have their free university of Brussels, which is very liberal in tone, and their Catholic university of Louvain, which is Ultramontane. We shall probably soon have our free university of Paris and our Catholic university of Angers.

It is, however, no small affair to organize a great university, with all its faculties; such an enterprise requires not only a great outlay of capital in building, grounds, laboratories, collections, and libraries, but it requires a strong, solid staff of teachers, ready to compete with the teachers of the state. The Catholics will be ready to give much money for such a purpose, but the Catholic clergy will perhaps at first have some difficulty in finding in its own ranks a sufficient number of professors of law, of medicine, of science. It is wonderful, however, in what a short time the clergy has risen from the profound ignorance in which it was kept—I mean, of course, in certain matters which were out of its traditional culture. I will take architecture, for instance: there was a time when all our churches were spoiled as much as they could be by ignorant priests; now there are lecturers on architecture in all the seminaries, and some priests have become authorities on various styles of Gothic or Roman art. Father Secchi is a great astronomer; Father Moigno, now a chaplain at Saint Denis, is well acquainted with science. But a university needs more than a few distinguished men; it must have a whole phalanx. The Freethinkers, the Positivists, will have to contend with other difficulties in their own university; there is so much freedom allowed in the teaching of the State University that there is hardly room for an advanced university. There are sensational lectures at the Collège de France, at the École de Médecine, where the young men of the Latin Quarter can vociferate and show their colors.

The number of high professorships now already existing is already very large. I find in the *Annuaire* of Public Instruction, published in 1874, the following number for Paris alone: Faculty of theology, 7 professorships; of law, 24; of medicine, 33; of sciences, 18; of letters, 13; Collège de France, 36; School of Pharmacy, 9; Museum of Natural History, 17; School of Oriental Languages, 14; School of Hautes Études, 17; École de Chartes, 7; High Normal School, 26; School of Archaeology attached to the National Library, 1; professorships at the School of Fine Arts which have not a technical character, 4. Total, 226, reckoning only those which are of free access and which have no technical object. There are, besides, numerous professorships at the Polytechnic School, at the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers, at the School of Mines, at the School of the Ponts et Chaussées. I have not counted on my list the two free schools, the School of Political Sciences and the School of Religious Studies. Paris, as you will see, is not ill provided with the means of giving high instruction.

Let us now look at the provinces. I have classified the centres of high culture by the number of their professorships; my list will give you a sort of intellectual geography of France. Nancy has faculties of law, medicine, science, and letters, and a school of pharmacy—in all, 47 professorships. Bordeaux, with faculties of theology, of law, of letters, and a school of medicine, has 41; Montpellier, with its faculties of medicine, of sciences, of letters, and its school of pharmacy, 38; Toulouse, 36; Aix and Marseilles together, 35; Lille and Douai together, 32; Lyons, 29; Rennes, 29; Grenoble, 28; Caen, 28; Poitiers, 28; Dijon, 27; Rouen, 23; Clermont-Ferrand, 20; Besançon, 19; Nantes, 19; Angers, 19; Tours, 10; Algiers, 8; Arras, 8; Limoges, 8; Chambéry, 7; Montauban, 7. This makes in all, in 25 different towns, 71 establishments, faculties, or schools of medicine, and 546 professorships. It must be added that only four cities have complete universities where all the faculties are found together, viz., Nancy, Bordeaux, Montpellier, and Toulouse. These four cities alone can be compared to the German universities. It is clear, therefore, that the province is not so well provided with the means of high culture as the capital; and in this field, as in many others, the process of centralization has been injurious to the country. It is all the more so because Paris is not a very desirable centre of education in many respects. Its pleasures are too absorbing, and living is too dear in it for many young men.

If addition is made of all the high professorships in Paris and in the provinces, we find the total to be 772; in the 21 universities of the present German Empire we find as many as 1,700. The proportion shows clearly that much remains to be done in France in order to provide the highest class of education; and we cannot, therefore, join in the cry which has been made

against the so-called Ultramontane law of the Chamber. Since the state has concentrated the means of higher education in five cities only, it will be well if the church or private associations institute complete universities in other places. It is not a little absurd, for instance, that in a place like Lyons there should be no faculty of letters, no public lectures on history, on literature, etc. Most of our divided faculties in the provincial towns have a mere vegetative existence. I long ago came to the conclusion that all the faculties ought to be concentrated together as they are in the smaller German universities. This concentration attracts a large population of students, it creates healthy rivalries, it facilitates the formation of larger libraries. When a city has only one or two faculties, they become a mere luxury; the professors soon find themselves without an audience. Our present seventy-one provincial establishments might with great advantage be reduced to about fifteen; these fifteen would become alive, while the seventy-one are dormant; but it is always difficult to deprive a provincial town even of what it has come to use for a long time. The all-powerful state could do so, however, by withdrawing its subventions, as the small cities could not keep faculties at their own expense. On the whole, the new law ought to be approved by those who desire that high instruction should be spread all over the country, and that Paris should not have, with four other cities, its monopoly. It will satisfy also those who believe that there is too much routine in the teaching of the French State University. I am not afraid of the intrusion of error in matters of science; the truth will defend itself. A professor of geology in a *soultane* cannot alter the series of formations or change the name of fossils. There is something pleasant in diversity; the facts are always the same (as Madame de Staël said: "Rien n'est bête comme un fait"), but they may be interpreted in various ways. It is well that they should be, and that men be forced to choose. France may receive a new development from the free rivalry of various universities; the great practical difficulty lies only in the right of giving degrees, as these degrees are necessary for all the liberal professions. Under the present system, the degrees are conferred by the professors of the university; if every new university is allowed to give degrees, these degrees will be only worth what the university is worth, and the public will not be able to judge between a doctor of Angers and a doctor of Toulouse. The Assembly has provided that the examination for the degrees shall be passed before a mixed commission, composed half of professors of the State University and half of professors of the free university at which the student wishes to graduate. But this arrangement may be rejected at the third reading of the law, for it has only been read twice as yet, and there is a terrific opposition against the system which would take away from the state the exclusive right of conferring degrees.

Notes.

THE Smithsonian Institution and the Indian Bureau are engaged in forming for the Centennial a collection exhibiting the past and present history of the aboriginal races of this continent. To this end, they solicit donations of prehistoric relics as well as of modern objects bearing upon ethnology or manners and customs, including skulls, skeletons, photographic portraits, etc., etc. The ultimate destination of these contributions will be the National Museum, unless in exceptional cases, when the Institution may be glad to borrow what owners are not ready to part with. Transportation will be paid for on receipt in Washington. For detailed instructions, application should be made to Prof. Henry. —A biography of General Thomas and a history of the Army of the Cumberland are in preparation by Chaplain Van Horne, of the regular army. —William W. Wheelton's 'New History of the Battle of Bunker Hill' has reached a second edition. It is cleverly arranged, and furnishes a good deal of information not embraced in the other histories we have already noticed. The map is the same as that which accompanied Pulsifer's. The partisans of Prescott and of Putnam respectively should be satisfied with Mr. Wheelton's adjustment of their rival claims; no one man commanded at Bunker Hill, but it may be regarded as a double fight under the two commanders just mentioned. Mr. Wheelton has in press 'Beacon Hill: the Beacon and the Monument.' —The Boston Common Council have voted to take the necessary steps to complete, so far as practicable, the record of births, marriages, and deaths in that city prior to 1849, and have confirmed the mayor's judicious appointment of Messrs. W. H. Whitmore and Wm. S. Appleton to serve without pay as Record Commissioners for five years. —John Wiley & Son add to their series of reprints of Ruskin's works the selections made from his 'Modern Painters' by his friend "the younger lady of the Thwaite, Coniston," under the title of 'Frondees Agrestes.' In the foot-notes, which are new, the author plays the part of the Greek chorus towards his former

opinions.—‘*De Paradis eis quibus exprimitur a comicis Græcis iudicium seu censura dissonat*’ Theophilus Sihler is the title of a Leipzig doctor’s dissertation, which shows everywhere diligence, research, and thorough reading, and is not without interest. But there are many things in the Latinity which must shock the taste of the *amplissimus philosophorum ordo*, and the printing of the Greek extracts is to the last degree slovenly and wild.

—The unusual features of *Harper’s* for August are a short poem, “Sunrise in Venice,” by Joaquin Miller, and Mr. Longfellow’s “*Morituri Salutamus*,” which everybody has read in the magazine or, by courtesy, in the newspapers. Of the first four illustrated prose articles, it is enough to mention their titles, and to say that the illustrations are the best part of them. They treat of the origin of the express business (“An American Enterprise”); the “Ancient Pueblos of New Mexico and Arizona”—a well-written paper; “Caricatures of Women” (by Mr. Parton); and “Moosehead Lake,” by Rev. J. H. Ward. Professor Rau’s readers may congratulate themselves that his admirably clear and learned series of articles on the “Stone Age in Europe” is not yet terminated; the public at large, we hope, may count on the privilege of owning them hereafter in book-form. Extremely valuable for reference is the centennial paper (the tenth) of this number, on the “Growth and Distribution of Population,” by Gen. Francis A. Walker. The progress of each of the thirteen States from its first settlement is given in detail according to the best authorities, and from 1790 the census returns are variously made use of to exhibit the extension of settlement, the increasing proportion of city to total population (from a thirtieth, 1790, to a fifth, 1870), the centre of gravity of population, the arithmetical process of the national growth, the development of the postal service, the constituents of our population, etc., etc. The particulars of the last-century immigration are very interesting, and many of them we have found not familiar to us. The inter-State migration is illustrated by two shaded maps, which have not, so far as we know, been published elsewhere, showing the territory which New Yorkers and South Carolinians respectively had by natural selection gone out to occupy when overtaken by the census of 1870. As regards the old question of native and foreign fecundity in the United States, Prof. Walker expresses himself very decidedly: “There is not the shadow of a statistical reason for attributing to the native American population, prior to the War of Secession, a deficiency in reproductive vigor compared with any people that ever lived upon the face of the earth.”

—During the past few years the sums of money raised by the alumni of various colleges in the country for their general objects, by means of small subscriptions, have been quite large. Yale has, we believe, collected a larger sum than any other, while the Harvard fund would have been as large had it not been for an independent subscription made necessary by the Boston fire, which also had to come out of the pockets of the graduates. The original intention of the Harvard fund was the collection of a sum of \$500,000 from all the graduates, \$10,000 on an average being the sum expected from some fifty classes. This amount was to be raised in ten years, and the trustees of the fund were to receive the payments made by the collectors in the various classes, and whenever these amounted to \$50,000, turn them over to the college. \$100,000 has been paid to the college, and we understand that the trustees are now in receipt of a considerable sum towards the second hundred thousand. The statistics of the money collected from the classes show great differences in the total amounts credited to each, but whether these differences come from a difference in wealth or zeal does not of course appear. The great merit of funds of this sort is that they give an opportunity to modest people, who dislike connecting their names with their good works, to promote the cause of sound education without a needless flourish of trumpets, and without being put to the necessity of finding some previously unheard-of object for which to make a separate and generally insufficient foundation.

—That the American genius is too inventive will be allowed, we suppose, by any one who has given any attention to the subject. A curious illustration of this is furnished in a paper read before the Medico-Legal Society of New York by Dr. Frank H. Hamilton, which has been printed in the *St. Louis Medical and Surgical Journal* for July, and separately. It appears that the surgeon, of all medical practitioners, is peculiarly liable to prosecution for malpractice, and that during the period from 1833 to 1861, or thereabouts, so frequent were these prosecutions in New York, and also in the Eastern and Western States, that “many eminent surgeons felt compelled in self-protection to abandon the practice of surgery.” Latterly, the danger to the profession has again revived, and Dr. Hamilton was recently addressed by a brother physician with reference to “some kind of a contract which he had been informed was used by the professor when taking charge

of important surgical cases. In the midst of an ignorant community,” he wrote, “he had learned the folly of being perfectly unprotected while carrying on quite an extensive surgical practice, and asked for a copy of such paper or contract.” This was only a sample of many letters which had been received by Dr. Hamilton. The branch of surgery most exposed to prosecution was that of fractures and dislocations, in which American surgeons have a high reputation abroad, as, from the mechanical nature of these operations, was to be expected. But herein seems to have lain their peril; for they relied too much on their improved appliances, and promised better results to their patients than they were able to achieve, the line between the possible and impossible not having been drawn by carefully collected statistics until Dr. Hamilton himself began the task in 1849. In the meantime, a change has been going on in the treatment of fractures, and there has been a partial return to old and discarded methods, and the surgeon who now employs the forms of apparatus or dressing in vogue twenty-five years ago does so at the risk of being held responsible for an error of judgment in resorting to an obsolete practice. On the other hand, to adopt the new methods implies a guarantee of the inventor’s claim in regard to their efficiency, and a failure to make good this claim will be attributed, not to the preposterousness of it, but to the surgeon’s want of skill. So, between the over-sanguine inventor and the public which is quite ready to admit his pretensions, having the American mania for “improvements,” the surgeon is certainly ill at ease. Nothing will save him, concludes Dr. Hamilton, “but the Truth, and in such a form that it can be made available by the profession, the public, the lawyer, and the courts.”

—The comparatively small amount of attention bestowed by our press on the death of Professor J. E. Cairnes we are afraid is due to the curious absence of his name from the popular biographical dictionaries. This again is due, we fear, to the retirement imposed on him by ill health during the twenty best years of his life. He was during nearly the whole of that period a martyr to rheumatism in its worst form, and, we presume, to it he finally succumbed. He was an Irishman, and a graduate of Trinity College, and gave very early proofs of ability in the field which he afterwards cultivated so successfully. He held the Whately Professorship of Political Economy about 1857—but we cannot vouch for our dates—and was Professor of Jurisprudence and Political Economy in Queen’s College, Galway, when our war broke out. The only thing he had then published was a small volume based on his lectures, entitled ‘*The Logical Method of Political Economy*.’ On the outbreak of the war he made what we think it is fair to call the first conspicuous attempt to set the British public right as to the nature of the struggle, by a lecture delivered before the Dublin Young Men’s Christian Association, in 1862, at which the Lord-Lieutenant, the Irish Solicitor-General, and other distinguished men were present, on “*The American Revolution*.” College lectures, delivered subsequently, in elucidation of the way in which the course of political history is affected by economic agencies, led to the publication of his book on ‘*The Slave Power*,’ which at the time attracted so much attention, and which was so much prized here as almost the only contribution of any weight to the American side of the controversy which appeared in England during the war. It is not possible to appreciate the book at its real value now, when so many things have been made plain which, to the English mind at least, at that period were dark or obscure; but it was and is the ablest essay on the origin of the struggle, and on the constitution and tendencies of slave society, which has appeared on the other side of the Atlantic, and the successive editions of it which were published had perhaps more influence than anything else in turning the tide of English opinion. The decline in his health compelled Professor Cairnes’s retirement from his chair and from Galway, and he fixed his residence in the neighborhood of London, where he remained until his death, and was appointed Emeritus Professor of Political Economy in the London University, and, we believe, delivered occasional lectures. But his work thenceforward consisted mainly in contributions to the leading reviews, on economical questions of the day. A collection of these in a volume, entitled ‘*Essays in Political Economy, Theoretical and Applied*,’ was published two years ago, and has been noticed in these columns. It was followed last year by his work on ‘*Some Leading Principles of Political Economy*,’ which is his principal contribution to the literature of his subject, and which we have also reviewed. No economical writer in England has, since Mill, commanded so much of public attention and respect, and when one reads what he accomplished while struggling with a cruel disease, one cannot but mourn deeply over the restrictions thus imposed on him, and the early termination of a career which, even with these disadvantages, was exceptionally brilliant. He was a disciple of Mill, but had enjoyed a more steady education, and was thus saved from some of the later eccentricities of that philosopher. Though he shared his expectation of great

political regeneration through female suffrage. It is unpardonable—considering the amount of rubbish the work contains—almost ludicrously unpardonable, to find his name omitted from the latest edition of 'Men of the Time.' And we are sorry to add that no mention is made of him in the New American Encyclopædia.

—Mr. George Birdwood points out in the *Athenæum* of July 3 some of the botanical anachronisms which he had observed in the paintings at the Academy Exhibition. The first example that he cites is the worst: "In 'Anne Page and Slender' Mr. Cope introduces, all of a row, the *Tulipa Gesneriana*, not known in England before 1577; the Red Geranium, introduced in 1710; the Camellia, in 1739, and the Chinese Primrose, in 1820." Mr. Bedford's posing his "Hermione" between a lemon and an orange tree reminds the critic that neither was known to the Greeks and Romans, or perhaps was ever seen by Shakspeare himself. "The first orange was planted, it is said, in England (in Beddington Park) in 1595, and it was a century later before it came to be generally grown in England. The lemon was not introduced until 1648." Even Mr. Alma-Tadema's learning does not save him from Mr. Birdwood's chronological yard-stick, though the latter may misinterpret the flowers which he calls "some species of Allium" and "a crocus (?)," and which, he says, would not be found flowering at the same time. "In flower pictures artists habitually group together flowers which never flower together, and habitually introduce plants of the New World into pictures of the ancient life of the Old World"—for example, the aloe, cactus, and maize, which Europe owes to the discovery of America. Accuracy in these particulars is, as Mr. Birdwood suggests, worth aiming at by artists and novelists. We append the sources of information which he enumerates. A review of Merivale's essay ('Historical Studies,' London, 1865) may be found in Vol. III. of the *Nation*, p. 499:

"London's 'Encyclopædia of Plants' gives the date of the introduction of every exotic plant into England. Gerard's 'Herbal' is a complete encyclopædia of the plants known in England in the seventeenth century; and in Pearson's 'Historical Maps of England' there is invaluable information regarding the ancient fuels and woods and landscape of England. Daubeny's 'Plants of the Ancients' gives a complete list of the trees and shrubs indigenous to Italy and Greece. The great work of Schouw may well have been overlooked by English artists, but they must be familiar with the late Mr. Herman Merivale's delightful 'Essay on the Landscape of the Ancients'—a good example of the charm which a true scholar can impart to the exact correctness of a scientific treatise."

—Christian II. of Denmark is a prince who has come down in history with a reputation as unequivocal as that of Richard III. or Tiberius. We might, to be sure, have expected to see him vindicated by modern criticism, but were not quite prepared for the form which the vindication has taken. Miss Otlé, author of a history of Scandinavia, recently published, reviews in the *Academy* (May 15) the unfinished history of the Northern Kingdoms from 1497 to 1536 by the late C. F. Allen, we believe the most eminent of the Danish historians. This author, she says, "has found a royal hero after his own heart in Christian II., who, forsaking the traditions of his family, the prejudices of his rank, and the tendencies of his early religious training, endeavored summarily to trample aristocracy into the dust, to raise democracy to be the mainstay of royalty, and to annihilate the entire system of the Romish hierarchy." The critic goes on to censure the onesidedness with which the historian extenuates the cruelties and perfidies of which the king was guilty in his efforts for reforms in themselves desirable; for it was to the unlimited sway of the nobility, confirmed under the early kings of the House of Oldenburg, that the subsequent decay of Denmark was due. It is interesting to compare Herr Allen's view of Christian II. with that of Michelet, to which we recently drew attention, and which seems to reconcile the statements above made with the familiar fact that Christian is known as a champion of Catholicism. It seems to have been a pure matter of policy. "This man," says Michelet, "who on one occasion hunted a bishop with dogs, now associated his court with that of the Catholic religion"; his was, he adds, "a magic name, which always rallied the Catholics and the peasantry."

PATTISON'S CASAUBON.*

MR. PATTISON'S work could not be described in the set phrase of the day as "the life and times of Casaubon." It is what it purports to be, a biography, and because Mr. Pattison has the rare self-restraint to confine himself to the functions of a biographer, he has produced a book which is a model of biography, and for that reason a most instructive contribution to the true understanding of history. A "life and times" is, even in

the hands of so meritorious an author as Mr. Motley, certain to become either a biography encumbered with irrelevant matter, or a history cramped, curtailed, and distorted in the endeavor to force the events of a period into the limits of an individual life. Biography, though it cannot be history, has an important relation to historical study. It supplements and tests the work of the historian. A biographer's object is, if he understands his part, to narrate, illustrate, and explain the life of an individual. But the minuteness, the individuality, the reality of biography at once tests and gives meaning, substance, and truth to the generalities of history, for a general proposition must, if it be worth anything, be true of the particulars which it includes, and historical generalizations can be neither put to the proof nor understood unless they are tried and explained by the lives of individual men and women. To estimate the exact worth of Mr. Pattison's minute research, or to weigh the precise merit of his criticisms on Casaubon's scholarship, requires a knowledge equal to Mr. Pattison's own, to which few persons have any claim. The general character of the work and its historical interest, however, may be appreciated by any educated person who studies it with care.

The primary fact which is apparent on the most cursory survey of the book is that Mr. Pattison has held it to be the first duty of a biographer to discover, as far as may be, and narrate in the plainest language the facts of his hero's life. This duty he has performed with an amount of laborious conscientiousness which would have been fully appreciated by Casaubon himself, but is not likely to obtain its due praise from a generation who delight in sentimental reflections and bold generalizations, but have no sympathy with the love of accuracy, which is at bottom the love of truth. The first page of the work affords an example of Mr. Pattison's quality. It contains two notes. The first examines thoroughly the question whether Casaubon's mother was named "Mergine" or "Mengine" or "Mengine." The second exposes the mistake of writers who have thought that Casaubon's father came from Dauphine, whereas his native province was Gascony. If any reader thinks lightly of such accuracy, he will soon discover from the book itself examples of the importance of minute truthfulness of statement. Casaubon was professor of Greek at the Academy of Geneva. It was the "latest and not the least valuable of Calvin's institutions," and it has been described by later writers as a school of general education with students numbering more than a thousand daily. Mr. Pattison investigates the real character of the place, and especially the ground on which the allegation that a thousand students attended lectures rests. He shows conclusively that there is no reason for believing in this numerous attendance; that the institution was really "an elementary school, and a seminary for ministers"; this, he adds, was what was wanted, and this was what Calvin supplied. "A grand academy of letters or science, such as historians find in his scheme, was as little in Calvin's thoughts as the steamboats which now ply on the Lake Leman." By careful investigation of minute detail, Mr. Pattison thus dissipates a misconception which, by turning a high school supported with difficulty into a university, has misrepresented the condition both of Geneva and of Protestantism at the end of the sixteenth century, and hence has concealed from view the real character of the desperate and heroic struggles by which Geneva preserved herself and the cause of Protestantism. In this case, an investigation of minutiae leads at once to general conclusions of interest.

Any reader of Mr. Pattison's work, however, must be prepared for the fact that it consists, to a great extent, of details which will weary those who cannot interest themselves in the picture of a scholar's life and in its bearing on a crisis in the world's history. The account of Casaubon's literary labors, of his difficulty in obtaining books, of his constant want of means, of his unceasing struggle to obtain the time necessary for his work—the lists of the books he wrote and of the works he projected, the entries in a diary which seems to have been a daily register of work done, will seem dull to persons unable to sympathize with a man whose life was a long martyrdom to his desire for erudition; but all these details are necessary to the picture of a scholar's life, and are still more necessary for the comprehension of Casaubon's character. Mr. Pattison shows peculiar subtlety in the analysis of the great scholar's mind, and in the skill with which, indulging in comparatively few reflections, he lets Casaubon, as it were, speak for himself. Casaubon's acts, his words, his writings, and his diary set the man himself before the reader. The peculiarity of his nature lies in the combination of some of the greatest qualities—enthusiasm for knowledge, love of truth, fervent religious feeling—with a certain pettiness and "doubleness" of mind and will which prevents him from taking rank among the highest class either of men or of scholars. He lacked, if we understand Mr. Pattison rightly, the originality of genius. His love of knowledge took the form of a passion for erudition, and his life was dis-

* Isaac Casaubon. 1559-1614. By Mark Pattison, Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford. London: Longmans.

tracted by an uncertainty of purpose which kept him wavering between the rival claims of scholarship and theology.

The explanation of Casaubon's religious position is one of the most valuable, as well as one of the most curious, portions of the work. A man of simple habits and a singular incapacity for managing his worldly affairs, filled with religious sentiment which expresses itself in the pages of his private diary, he yet was suspected, not only by Catholics, but by his fellow-Protestants, of an intention to apostatize for the sake of gain. His career showed that he was prepared to make every sacrifice to the dictates of his conscience. His position at the court of Henry IV., where so-called "conversions" were the fashion, was not the only circumstance which excited suspicion. Mr. Pattison shows that Casaubon at one time was inclined towards Catholicism. His knowledge made him doubt much of the received Protestant doctrines. His sympathies made him lean towards the teaching of the early church. His moral feelings bound him to Protestantism, whilst his interest pointed to the advantages of conversion. The tragedy of the situation lay in this: that the great scholar seemed to the outer world to be weighing conscience against interest, whilst in truth he was balancing opposed views which he did not know how to reconcile. He was what would now be termed an Anglican. Neither Calvinism nor Romanism satisfied his peculiar turn of mind. When fortune brought him to England, he found in the Anglican compromise exactly the view suitable for a man of a morbid conscience unable thoroughly to acquiesce in the clear convictions of Continental Protestants.

The difficulties of Casaubon's religious situation arose at bottom from the perplexities of his own mind, but they were singularly aggravated by the circumstances of the time; and the sketch of his relation to the French Court gives a marvellous insight into the state both of politics and of religion. Few persons will read the account of Casaubon's residence at Paris without feeling that they have obtained a far more definite view than they before possessed of the state of religion in France during the reign of Henry IV. The "Catholic reaction," the power of the Jesuits, the decline of French Protestantism, are known in a general way to all readers of history; but these general terms acquire a new significance when the influences of the time are seen as they affected the career and thoughts of an individual man who must have been the representative of thousands unknown to history. The indescribable meanness of Henry IV. in urging for political purposes conversions which he knew to be mere acts of hypocrisy, his disgraceful desertion of the cause which he was bound to protect, the contrivances by which, as in the case of De Mornay, he caused a disgrace of his own most faithful followers, must make even admirers feel that the ablest of French monarchs was after all but a sorry hero. It is impossible also not to perceive that French Protestantism was morally ruined before the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes gave it a death-blow. Moral persecution had nearly achieved the overthrow which physical persecution finished. A perusal of the life of Casaubon excites wonder not that France should have met with many calamities, but that the nation should have survived the moral and intellectual degradation of which the defeat of Protestantism was the outward sign and cause.

Casaubon found refuge in England from the troubles of his existence at Paris, and here again his private life elucidates an historical period. No research will ever discover facts which can free James I. from the contempt which his most undoubted acts and the best ascertained traits of his character show to be his due. His relation, however, to Casaubon exhibits both the king and his court in their most favorable aspect, and explains the respect felt not for James's character, but for his talents, by men whose judgment cannot be set aside. In the same way, the relation of Casaubon to Oxford gives a vivid impression of the good no less than of the weak side of the university. This is a topic which Mr. Pattison handles with the adroitness of one thoroughly at home in his subject, and also with a grave irony and humor which is likely to be lost on those who are not tolerably acquainted with Oxford of the nineteenth century. A story is told of a young Jew who taught Casaubon Hebrew, and excited the interest of heads of houses both by his talents and leaning toward Christianity. His intended conversion, the excitement caused thereby among all the dignitaries of the university, the pedantic delays of the professor of divinity, the escape of the convert just before his intended baptism, the rage of his patrons, and his illegal arrest by the proctors, are all recorded, and should be read in Mr. Pattison's pages. What is not recorded, but may also be read there by those who can see between the lines, is that a little imagination can easily picture the comedy of Jacob Barnet being re-enacted in the year 1675. The Oxford of the seventeenth century is still in many respects alive,

and could at any rate provide actors to fill all the parts in a farce like that of which Casaubon's teacher was the hero.

Nor is it by any means only in showing the likeness between the England of James I. and the England of Victoria that Casaubon's life has an historical interest. It explains one of the features of the seventeenth century which always perplexes modern students. Even Mr. Motley cannot fully understand why James I. should have written theological disquisitions instead of diplomatic despatches, or why all Holland should have gone mad, as it seems to the historian, over abstruse and uninteresting religious dogmas. Casaubon's career brings home the fact that theology was the interest of the day. It may be regretted that the English Court wasted the learning of the greatest scholar of the time in theological polemics, but it must be admitted that Casaubon himself had always hankered after theology. He shared the passion of his age; and the biography which brings out his individual feeling and character enables readers to understand the feeling and opinion of his time.

TENNYSON'S QUEEN MARY.*

TO the readers of Tennyson this drama will be a surprise, and to many of them, at first, a disappointment; but the more judicious will find in it a new proof of the force and variety of that genius which gives to its author his easy and unchallenged supremacy over other contemporary English poets, and sets him in the rank of those few who, from Chaucer down to our time, have been best inspired in giving expression to the sentiment of the English people. It is foolish to compare this play with the historic plays of Shakspeare. Shakspeare stands alone in the joint domain of nature and of art. Tennyson is neither his rival nor his imitator. The motive and intention of the modern poet, no less than the spirit of his imagination, are radically different from those of the elder dramatist. Even the form and execution of his work show few traces of the influence of any Shaksperian model, and his individuality is as marked in this drama as in any previous poem.

And yet his genius displays itself here in such novel form, so unlike those which it has hitherto employed, that a certain disappointment may, as we have said, not unnaturally be experienced on first reading. This drama has little of the melody and sweetness which distinguish the lyric and idyllic compositions of the poet. It exhibits little of that subtlety of sentiment and refinement of diction in which the apt and exquisite expression seemed of even birth with the feeling itself, and formed such part of it that the two, like body and spirit, became one and inseparable. Nor does the drama directly display the personal passion of the poet. It makes no direct revelation of his personal character. It contains few passages of splendor of poetic eloquence, and still fewer traits of that highest inspiration in which the poet, surrendering himself to his genius, becomes the willing and responsive instrument of the divine Muse, and sings

"The undisturbed song of pure content."

Indeed, it is not as a poem that this play offers itself to us. It would be to misconceive the writer's intention to suppose his aim to have been to construct a play that should depend for its effect mainly on its poetic quality or on its adaptation to the stage. Poet and playwright he is in truth, but for the sake of teaching and inspiring, not of amusing. Poet, indeed, but Englishman much more; and playwright, that he may be preacher and may appeal with the voice of their own history to the conscience and the heart of his people. Tennyson is, however, far too excellent an artist and far too intelligent a moralist to confuse the demands of art and of morals. His art is not subjected to his moral intention. It only chooses, for the sake of a moral end, a different but not less artistic form and method from those which it has hitherto preferred. The art is not diminished, distorted, or enfeebled, and the drama is as true to the principles of dramatic art as if no moral zeal gave fervor to its lines and meaning to its scenes. The play is not the worse that it is inspired with patriotic emotion. The verse is but the more masculine that within the outer meaning of its words lies an inner kernel of significance.

It is plain that Tennyson has chosen his subject not merely because of its fitness for dramatic presentation, but because he felt that the lessons to be drawn from Queen Mary's reign needed to be pressed home upon the England of to-day. The subordination of English interests to the behests of Rome, the temper of the Roman Church, the quality of character fostered and developed by its teaching, the logical consequence of this teaching in the destruction of liberties and in fostering intolerance and persecution, were shown in Mary's brief reign of five years as in no other period of English

* "Queen Mary. A Drama by Alfred Tennyson." [Author's edition from advance sheets.] Boston: James R. Osgood & Company. 1875. 16mo, pp. 284.

history. In reading the signs of our times, it would not be surprising if Tennyson read with alarm signs of a renewal of Roman influence in English affairs, and of a revival of the authority of the Roman Church among the higher as well as the lower classes of the people. The conditions of culture and of opinion throughout Europe are such that the claims of the Roman Church, asserted as they have lately been with astonishing audacity, and pushed far enough to test the most elastic credulity, are admitted, with more or less intellectual reserve, by increasing numbers of men of weight in opinion and affairs. The Roman Church represents with a consistency to which no other church can lay claim the principle of authority in matters not merely of faith but of policy. The red-shirts of Paris, the sceptical philosophers of Germany, the modern school of scientific thinkers in England, the feeble and confused sects of Protestantism, are allies in driving a large set of men toward the gates, if not within the walls and defences of Rome. The love of mental repose and support, the desire to rest with absolute reliance upon a definite authority, are traits in many natures obviously inherited from a remote period. Few men can comfortably rely upon themselves; and the case now is such that a logically-minded man must either be content to fall back upon the reserves of his own intelligence or to haul down its flag and surrender his soul and life to the guidance, direction, and authority of the Roman Church. What this surrender and subjection mean is what Tennyson desires to bring home to the minds and to the hearts of his readers. He has no controversial purpose, but he has conceived of the reign of Mary Tudor as the time in which the principles and practices of the "grim wolf" of Rome were most plainly displayed in England, and with terrible suffering and degradation and loss of honor to the land. The history of these years reads itself to him into the drama, into the tragedy that he has written out—a tragedy with a whole people as its protagonist, and with the vast, vague, dreadful figure of the Scarlet Woman embodied in the miserable Mary for its heroine.

One familiar with the history of the period will note that Tennyson has kept close to the actual fact, and has introduced hardly an incident or a figure without warrant from the record. He has written a true historic drama, not forcing the occurrences or the personages out of their real relation to meet any supposed exigency of dramatic effect, but letting all unite as in the course of nature to bring about the fated close. There is no mounting of dramatic interest from act to act; no attempt on the poet's part by any inventions of fancy or display of pathetic sentiment to awaken our concern in the characters or fortunes of his historic personages. So strictly does Tennyson keep himself to the lines marked for him by the actual historic occurrences that he does not indulge himself in subtle analysis and development of character, and is not led away from his direct aim by any temptation to discover and represent the complex mutual influence of one nature on another, or to penetrate the secret of the plots and counterplots of the time. The play is simply a vividly imaginative reproduction of scenes and characters already known to us, and the setting of them in such light as may disclose the true meaning of events and the real import and effect of the intentions and deeds of the chief actors in the civil and ecclesiastical affairs of the time. This is the great merit of the work.

There is little need to point out its subordinate merits and minor beauties. Tennyson has never written more full and masculine verse than in portions of this drama, and never condensed vigorous thought into compacter form. The virile blood of the men of Mary's time seems to have flowed in his veins as he was writing. His verse at times, in its hard strength, seems to lack finish, and his turn of phrase to be chosen for force rather than for elegance. But these are marks of the feeling with which he wrote, evidences of the passion which underlies even this essentially objective poem. From what we have already said, it is plain that no one should turn to these pages for thorough and elaborate studies of character. Queen Mary is treated more fully, and in a sense more sympathetically, than any of the other *dramatis personæ*, but even in her case, as in the study of a character in real life, much is left to conjecture. There is a hint in the delineation of Pole of possible developments of finer motives and deeper emotions than are distinctly revealed. But, in truth, there is perhaps no higher praise of such a work than to say of it that it leaves on us an impression as if we had been with real persons, and not figments of the imagination, and that the best and strongest among them make us curious about them, and baffle our desire to gain assurance of motive and of aim, as we are made curious and are baffled in real life.

We and Our Neighbors: Records of an Unfashionable Street. By Harriet Beecher Stowe. (New York: J. B. Ford & Co. 1875.)—It would be rather awkward to attempt to tell what Mrs. Stowe's novel is about. There is a

young woman married to an editor of "three papers—a monthly magazine for the grown folk, another for the children, and a weekly paper." This well-occupied personage, in a moment of easily conceivable bewilderment, invites an Englishman to dinner on washing-day, and this is how his wife, who is introduced to us as a model of the womanly graces, informs her cook of the circumstance (the lady, by the way, was one of the Van Arsdels, conspicuous among the first families of New York): "Mr. Henderson has invited an English gentleman to dinner, and a whole parcel of folks with him. . . . It's just sweet of you to take things so patiently, when I know you are feeling so bad, but the way it comes about is this." Mr. Henderson's dinner is one of the principal events of the book, and Mrs. Stowe's second manner, as we may call it, comes out strongly in the description of it. It proved a greater success than was to have been hoped—thanks to the accommodating disposition of the British guest. "Mr. Selby proved one of that delightful class of English travellers who travel in America to see and enter into its peculiar and individual life, and not to show up its points of difference from old-world social standards. He seemed to take the sense of a little family dinner, got up on short notice, in which the stereotyped doctrine of courses was steadfastly ignored, where there was no soup or fish, and only a good substantial course of meat and vegetables, with a slight dessert of fruit and confectionery. . . . A real high-class English gentleman," under these circumstances, the author goes on to remark (not oppressed, that is, by a sense of repletion), ". . . makes himself frisky and gamesome to a degree that would astonish the solemn divinities of insular decorum." In this exhilaration "soon Eva and he were all over the house, while she eloquently explained to him the working of the furnace, the position of the water-pipes, and the various comforts and conveniences which they had introduced into their little territories." They—who? The water-pipes? The phrase is ambiguous, but it is to be supposed that this real high-class English gentleman understood everything; for—"I've got a little box of my own out at Kentish Town," Mr. Selby said, in a return burst of confidence, "and I shall tell my wife about some of your contrivances." It should be added in fairness that the conversation was not all in this dangerously familiar key, for we are presently informed that Eva "introduced the humanitarian questions of the day."

There are a great many other people, of whose identity we have no very confident impression, inasmuch as they never do anything but talk—and that chiefly about plumbing, carpet-laying, and other cognate topics. We cannot perhaps give chapter and verse for the discussion of these particular points, but the reader remains in an atmosphere of dense back-stairs detail which makes him feel as if he were reading an interminable file of tradesmen's bills. There is in particular a Mrs. Wouvermans, an aunt of the Eva just commemorated, who pervades the volume like a keeper of an intelligence office, or a female canvasser for sewing machines. This lady, we know, is intended to be very unpleasant, but would it not have been possible to vary a little, for the relief of the reader, the form of her importunity? She also belongs to one of the first families of New York, and this is a specimen of her conversational English. She is talking about the Ritualists and their processions: "I'd process 'em out in quick time. If I were he [the Bishop] I'd have all that sort of trumpery cleaned out at once." But none of Mrs. Stowe's ladies and gentlemen open their mouths without uttering some amazing vulgarity, and if we were to believe her report of the matter, the language used by good society in New York is a singular amalgam of the rural Yankee dialect (so happily reproduced by Mrs. Stowe in some of her tales), the jargon of the Southern negroes, and the style of the paragraphs in the *Home Journal* about such-and-such a lady's "German." "Never mind, I'll get track of them," says the exemplary Eva, alluding to the ghosts which her husband jestingly assures her she will find in the house of certain opposite neighbors; "and if there's a ghost's chamber I'll be into it!" Hereupon (she has never called at the house in question before) she throws over her head "a little morsel of white fleecy worsted, darts across the street, and kisses her hand to her husband on the door-step." What would those personages whom she somewhere calls "the ambitious lady leaders of our time" say to that?

Representative Names in the History of English Literature. By H. H. Morgan. (Boston: Ginn Brothers. 1875. 8vo, pp. 47.)—In his preface, which is dated from St. Louis, Mr. Morgan states that "the wants of a busy age require some inexpensive book which shall furnish general information, together with a firm grasp of the movement in each field of effort." If this sentence be a little vague, it is perhaps due to its peculiar metaphorical turn. His object has been to afford brief answers "to the various rational questions which might be asked about an author as an author."

"The time of any author has been indicated by giving the date of his birth and death, together with the era in which he would be classed." In the case of American writers, however, the eras are not used, for a reason which we confess our inability to understand, namely, that "contemporaneity is of small consequence." We had supposed that whether of consequence or not, contemporaneity might be determined by the dates of birth and death, which are given. Mr. Morgan, disregarding what he esteems as the "almost valueless distinction of prose and verse," divides literary works under nine "forms" and classes authors under seven "phases." "The characterization consists," says Mr. Morgan, "of criticisms which fairly represent the strength and weakness of the author, and these criticisms have as far as possible been taken from critics whose opinion is known by all to be beyond dispute." This assertion is supported by frequent citations in the body of the work from such critics as George Gilfillan, H. T. Tuckerman, Rufus Griswold, S. A. Allibone, G. S. Hillard, E. P. Whipple, W. Phillips, W. C. Wilkinson, and others whose opinion is undoubtedly not less "known by all to be beyond dispute."

The list of English names contains most of the chief writers; but in a catalogue that includes William H. Russell we might have expected to find Jeremy Taylor, and room might certainly have been made for Fuller, Isaac Walton, Burton, Smollett, Crabbe, Mill, and a few more. Mr. Morgan sometimes excites the surprise of his readers by his classification of the authors: for instance, we find Browning classed as a metaphysician, and are told that his "poetry is distinguished by the essential characteristics of the great masters of 'classical music.'" Cowley also appears as a metaphysician, and we are told that he is the "best of the Conceits," whatever this may mean. Mr. Morgan says that Tom Hood is the "first of English humorists in order of time, as well as in point of merit"; that Chesterfield "is still the best authority on manners"; that Dryden "gave us the first specimen of prose style and the first versified personal satire"; that Dr. Johnson "gave us the first English dictionary"; and he makes so many more statements of a similar kind that it seems clear that he uses, "first" in an unusual manner, probably because he conceives priority in English literature to be of no more consequence than contemporaneity among American authors. In dealing with the Americans, Mr. Morgan classes Hawthorne as a metaphysician, while he puts Richard Hildreth, Theodore Parker, Jared Sparks, and Daniel Webster among the sentimentalists.

The book is dedicated to and seeks "the approval of those who by their acquaintance with literature are rendered competent to express a rational

opinion." We will not presume to claim a place among this select body, but our rational opinion is that this is a very amusing production.

Fungi: Their Nature and Uses. By M. C. Cooke, M.A., LL.D. Edited by the Rev. M. J. Berkeley, M.A., F.L.S. [The International Scientific Series.] (New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1875. Pp. 299.)—The subject of this volume is not a bad one for the International Series, but the treatment strikes us as indifferent. It might advantageously have been made either more popular or more scientific, or both. It is abundantly technical, yet without much explanation of terms; it touches, but only touches, upon a great variety of topics, some of them recondite or of small concern to the beginner. The earlier pages plunge into the Schwendener algo-fungal lichen controversy, but give to the uninitiated mind no very clear idea of the question at issue, and no adequate statement of the investigations by which it has recently been supported. Nylander's epithet, "the turbid hypothesis of Schwendener," is approvingly quoted; but the turbidity we should complain of arises not so much from the hypothesis as from the way the question is agitated. But, after all, this volume is replete with interesting matter, is well illustrated, and is likely to serve a useful purpose, although it may not add to the renown of a "scientific series" in which Tyndall and Bagehot lead the way, and to which our own Professor Cooke contributes a model volume. Although the veteran Mr. Berkeley's name appears upon the title-page as editor, his preface states that the principal part he took in it "was to recommend Mr. Cooke to the publishers," and to suggest "such additions as seemed needful, subjoining occasionally a few notes."

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

| Authors.—Titles. | Publishers.—Prices. |
|---|--------------------------------|
| Aldé (H.), Mr. and Mrs. Falconbridge, swd..... | (A. K. Loring) \$0 50 |
| Andrews (J. B.), Grammaire du Dialecte Montonnais, swd..... | (Nico) (Nico) |
| Aryan Philosophy..... | (Henry Holt & Co.) 2 00 |
| Auerbach (B.), On the Heights..... | (Lee & Shepard) 2 75 |
| Bachelder (J. B.), Popular Resorts, and How to Reach Them, 2d ed..... | (C. F. Vent) 2 00 |
| Battle of the Giants: Debate on Catholicism, etc..... | (S. C. Griggs & Co.) 2 50 |
| Buckingham (Prof. C. R.), Differential and Integral Calculus..... | (Pott, Young & Co.) 2 50 |
| Carlyle (T.), Early Kings of Norway; and Portraits of John Knox..... | (D. Appleton & Co.) (New York) |
| Christian Painter of the XIXth Century (Hippolyte Flandrin)..... | (Lee & Shepard) 1 50 |
| Clodd (E.), The Childhood of Religions..... | (D. Appleton & Co.) 1 50 |
| Cox (C. E.), The Amenities of Verbal Criticism, swd..... | (S. C. Griggs & Co.) 1 75 |
| Crafts (Rev. W. F.), Childhood..... | (Harper & Bros.) |
| Darwin (C.), The Descent of Man, new ed..... | (T. Ellwood Zell) |
| Detlef (C.), Dead to the World: a Tale..... | (D. Appleton & Co.) |
| D'Ooge (Prof. M. L.), Demosthenes on the Crown..... | (Ivson, Blakeman & Co.) |
| Drake (S. A.), Nooks and Corners of New England..... | (Dodd & Mead) |
| Duyckinck (E. A. & G. L.), Cyclopædia of American Literature..... | |
| Elliott (Frances), The Italians: a Tale..... | |
| Ficklin (Prof. J.), Algebraic Problems..... | |
| Garrett (E.), Doing and Dreaming..... | |

HENRY HOLT & CO.'S SCHOOL-BOOKS

include, among others, Freeman's Historical Course, the Class-room Time, Siglar's English Exercises, the Ord. Series of Classics, Whitney's German Course, Otto's French and German Courses, etc. Reference is made to the facilities of all leading institutions. Catalogues sent on application. Address

HENRY HOLT & CO.,
25 Bond Street, New York.

"When not to be obtained at the Bookstores and News Stands, send the price direct to the publishers, who will forward postpaid to any address."

THE NEW NOVELS:

Open! Sesame!

By Florence Marryat, author of 'Love's Conflict,' 'Veronique,' 'Woman Against Woman,' etc. 1 vol. 8vo, new style, paper, 75 cents.

A Woman's Ransom.

By F. W. Robinson, author of 'Slaves of the Ring,' 'Little Kate Kirby,' 'For Her Sake,' etc. 1 vol. 8vo, new style, paper, 75 cents.

ESTES & LAURIAT,

Old No. 143 Washington Street, New No. 307, Opposite Old South, Boston.

David G. Francis,

DEALER IN NEW AND OLD BOOKS.

17 ASTOR PLACE AND 140 EIGHTH STREET,
NEW YORK.

* Priced Catalogues issued from time to time and sent to any address. Foreign Books imported to order promptly.

MANUAL OF INTRODUCTORY
Chemical Practice. By Professors Caldwell and Breeman of Cornell University. Ready in August. For sample sheet, etc., apply now to FINE & APER, Ithaca, N. Y.

Fifth Thousand.

"A book worth much more than a mere mention. . . . Reading her novels, you are profoundly thankful that the great public who will read fiction of some sort, whether or no, should have anything so thoroughly healthful and noble in tone as the tales of Jean Ingelow for their delectation. 'Off the Skelligs' was a delightful book, and we are glad to find that 'Fated to be Free' introduces us afresh to some of the characters in the former novel. . . . To read 'Fated to be Free' is to be introduced into the society of people who live nobly, who put duty before inclination, and honor before desire, to whom

the Bible is something more than a dead letter."

—L. C. M., in the Tribune.

Fated to be Free.

PRICE \$1 75.

Sold everywhere, mailed, post-paid, by the publishers,
ROBERTS BROTHERS, BOSTON.

W. P. NIMMO'S BOOKS.

Messrs. Cassell, Petter & Galpin announce with great pleasure that they are appointed sole Agents in the United States for the above important Catalogue of Publications.

Mr. Nimmo's Standard Series and Poets have so long been noted as the cheapest and best books ever issued that it is not necessary to say more than to intimate that stock and catalogues are to be had from Cassell & Co., 595 Broadway, New York. Our own new catalogue will be ready shortly. Application for copies requested.

BUSINESS ESTABLISHED IN 1835.

BOERICKE & TAFEL,

Homœopathic Pharmacy,

145 GRAND ST., NEW YORK.

Keep constantly on hand a complete stock of reliable Homœopathic Medicines and books on domestic practice. Goods sent to all parts of the country, by mail or express.

Send stamp for descriptive catalogue and price current. Address as above.

A LIFE OF SAINT TERESA,

having rare claims to Protestant notice, just issued by Macmillan & Co., is discussed by "The Reader" on page 64.

